# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## AS I PASSED UP THE STAIRS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

I heard a soft voice singing low
Some rare old melody,
As I passed up the stairs one day,
But the song was not for me;
How clear and wild the notes rung out!
They soothed me unawares;
I longed to know the girl who sang
As I passed up the stairs.

Another time I shyly looked
When near the open door,
And wondered was the maiden there
The same who sang before;
She smiled and blushed at sight of me—
—No sentiment or airs—
My heart leaped faster than its wont
As I passed up the stairs.

And strange to say it came to be
A most familiar thing,
To glance that way, perchance to hear
My charmer speak or sing.
It led me back to happier scenes,
It soothed my heaviest cares,
It made me long for wife and home,
As I passed up the stairs.

I could have sworn the light of heaven
Shone in her sweet blue eye;
I longed to prove my love by some
Bold act of chivalry.
I wrote her name on ledger-page,
I breathed it in my prayers;
And once I called it audibly,
As I passed up the stairs.

She came—and there I stood as shy
As any boy might be;
Perhaps she understood—I knew
My eyes plead eloquently;
I stammered something, so did she—
It won a wife—who cares?
And now I seldom go alone
When passing up the stairs.

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


### CHAPTER XVII.

HOME TRUTHS FOR LIONEL.

Lionel Verner grew better. His naturally good constitution triumphed over the disease, and his sick soreness of mind lost somewhat of its sharpness. So long as he brooded in silence over his pain and his wrongs, there was little chance of the sting becoming much lighter; it was like the vulture preying upon its own vitals; but that season of silence was past. When once a deep grief can be *spoken of*, its great agony is gone. I think there is an old saying, or a proverb—"Grief loses themselves in telling," and a greater truism was never uttered. The ice once broken, touching his feelings with regard to Sibylla, Lionel found comfort in making it his theme of conversation, of complaint, although his hearer and confidant was only Lucy Tempest. A strange comfort, but yet a natural one; as those who have suffered as Lionel did may be able to testify. At the time of the blow, when Sibylla deserted him with coolness so great, Lionel could have died, rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning-point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was growing less intense. In a case like this of faithlessness, let it happen to man or to woman, the wounding of the self-esteem is not the least evil that must be borne. Lucy Tempest was, in Lionel's estimation, little more than a child, yet it was singular how he grew to love to talk with her. Not for love of *her*—do not fancy that—but for the opportunity it gave him of talking of Sibylla. You may deem this an anomaly; I know that it was natural; and, like oil poured upon a wound, so did it bring balm to Lionel's troubled spirit.

He never spoke of her save at the dusk hour, during the broad, garish light of day, his lips were sealed. In the soft twilight of the evening, if it happened that Lucy was alone with him, then he would pour out his heart, would tell of his past tribulation. As *past* he spoke of it; had he not regarded it as past, he never would have spoken. Lucy listened, mostly in silence, returning him her earnest sympathy. Had Lucy Tempest been a little older in ideas, or had she been by nature and rearing less entirely single-minded, she might not have sat unrestrainedly with him, going into the room at any moment, and stopping there, like she would had he been her brother. Lucy was getting to covet the companionship of Lionel very much—too much, taking all things into consideration. It never occurred to her that, for that very reason, she might do well to keep away from it. She was not sufficiently experienced to define her own sensations; and she did not surmise there was anything inexpedient or not perfectly orthodox in her being so much with Lionel. She liked to be with him, and she freely indulged the liking upon any occasion that offered.

"Oh, Lucy, I loved her! I did love her!" he would say, having repeated the same words perhaps fifty times before in other interviews; and he would lean back in his easy chair, and cover his eyes with his hand, as if willing to shut out all sight save that of the past. "Heaven knows what she was to me! Heaven only knows what her faithlessness has cost!"

"Did you dream of her last night, Lionel?" answered Lucy, from her low seat where she generally sat, near to Lionel, but with her face mostly turned from him.

And it may as well be mentioned that Miss Lucy never thought of such a thing as *discouraging* Lionel's love and remembrance of Sibylla. Her whole business in the matter seemed to be to listen to him and help him to remember her.

"Ay," said Lionel, in answer to the question. "Do you suppose I should dream of anything else?"

Whatever Lucy may or may not have supposed, it was a positive fact, known well to Lionel—known to him and remembered by him to this hour—that he constantly dreamt of Sibylla. Night after night, since the unhappy time when he learnt that she had left him for Frederick Massingbird, had she formed the prominent subject of his dreams. It is the strict truth: and it will prove to you how powerful a hold she must have possessed over his imagination. This he had not failed to make an item in his revelations to Lucy.

"What was your dream last night, Lionel?"

"It was only a confused one: or seemed to be when I awoke. It was full of trouble. Sibylla appeared to have done something wrong, and I was defending her, and she was angry with me for it. Unusually confused it was. Generally my dreams are too clear and vivid."

"I wonder how long you will dream of her, Lionel? For a year, do you think?"

"I hope not," heartily responded Lionel. "Lucy, I wish I could forget her!"

"I wish you could—if you do wish to do it," simply replied Lucy.

"Wish! I wish I could have swallowed a draught of old Lethe's stream last February, and never recalled her again!" He spoke vehemently: and yet there was a little undercurrent, of suppressed consciousness down deep in his heart, whispering that his greatest solace was to remember her, and to talk of her as he was doing now. To talk of her as he would to his own soul: and that he had now learnt to do with Lucy Tempest. Not to any one else in the whole world could Lionel have breathed the name of Sibylla.

"Do you suppose she will soon be coming home?" asked Lucy, after a silence.

"Of course she will. The news of his inheritance went out shortly after they started, and must have got to Melbourne nearly as soon as they did. There's little doubt they are on their road home now. Massingbird would not care to stop to look after what was left by John, when he knows himself to be the owner of Verner's Pride."

"I wish Verner's Pride had not been left to Frederick Massingbird!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Frankly speaking, so do I," confessed Lionel. "It ought to be mine by all good right. And, putting myself entirely out of consideration, I judge Frederick Massingbird unworthy to be its master. That's between ourselves, mind, Lucy."

"It is all between ourselves," returned Lucy.

"Ay. What should I have done without you, my dear little friend?"

"I am glad you have not had to do without me," simply answered Lucy. "I hope you will let me be your friend always!"

"That I will. Now Sibylla's gone, there's nobody in the whole world I care for, but you."

He spoke it without any double meaning: he might have used the same words, been actuated by precisely the same feelings, to his mother or his sister. His all absorbing love for Sibylla barred even the idea of any other love to his mind, yet awhile."

"Lionel!" cried Lucy, turning her face full upon him in her earnestness, "*how* could she choose Frederick Massingbird, when you had chosen her?"

"Tastes differ," said Lionel, speaking lightly, a thing he rarely did when with Lucy. "There's no accounting for them. Some time or other, Lucy, you may be marrying an ugly fellow with a wooden leg and red beard; and people will say, 'How could Lucy Tempest have chosen him?'"

Lucy colored.

"I do not like you to speak in that joking way, if you please," she gravely said.

"Heigh ho, Lucy!" sighed he. "Sometimes I fancy a joke may cheat me out of a minute's care. I wish I was well, and away from this place. In London I shall have my hands full, and can rub off the rust of old grievances with hard work."

"You will not like London better than Deerham."

"I shall like it ten thousand times better," impulsively answered Lionel. "I have no longer a place in Deerham, Lucy. That is gone."

"You allude to Verner's Pride?"

"Everything's gone that I valued in Deerham," cried Lionel, with the same impulse—"Verner's Pride among the rest. I would never stop here to see the rule of Fred Massingbird. Better that John had lived to take it, than that it had come to him."

"Was John better than his brother?"

"He would have made a better master. He was, I believe, a better man. Not but that John had his faults. As we all have."

"All!" echoed Lucy. "What are your faults?"

Lionel could not help laughing. She asked the question, as she did all her questions, in the most genuine, earnest manner: really seeking the information.

"I think for some time back, Lucy, my chief fault has been grumbling. I am sure you must find it so. Better days may be in store for us both."

Lucy rose.

"I think it must be time for me to go and make Lady Verner's tea. Decima will not be home for it."

"Where is Decima this evening?"

"She is gone her round to the cottages. She does not find time for it in the day, since you were ill. Is there anything I can do for you before I go down?"

"Yes," he answered, taking her hand. "You can let me thank you for your patience and kindness. You have borne with me bravely, Lucy. God bless you, my dear child."

She neither went away, nor drew her hand away. She stood there—as she had phrased it—patiently, until he should release it. He soon did so, with a weary movement; all he did was wearisome to him then, save the thinking and talking of the theme which ought to have been a barred one—Sibylla.

"Will you please to come down to tea this evening?" asked Lucy.

"I don't care for tea; I'd rather be alone."

"Then I will bring you some up."

"No, no; you shall not be at the trouble. I'll come down, then, presently."

Lucy Tempest disappeared. Lionel leaned against the window, looking out on the night landscape, and lost himself in thoughts of his faithless love. He aroused himself from them with a stamp of impatience.

"I must shake it off," he cried to himself; "I *will* shake it off. None save myself or a fool, but would have done it months ago. And yet, Heaven alone knows how I have tried and battled, and how vain the battle has been."

The cottages down Clay Lane were ill drained. It might be nearer the truth to say, they were not drained at all. As is the case with many another fine estate beside Verner's Pride, while the agricultural land was well drained, no expense spared upon it, the poor dwellings had been neglected. Not only in the matter of draining, but in other respects, were these habitations deficient: but that strong terms are apt to grate unpleasingly upon the ear, one might say shamefully deficient. The consequence was, that no autumn ever went over, scarcely any spring, but somebody would be down with ague, with low fever; and it was reckoned a fortunate season if a good many were not down.

The first time that Lionel took a walk down Clay Lane, after his illness, was a fine day in October. He had been out before in other directions, but not down Clay Lane. He had not yet recovered his full strength; he looked ill and emaciated. Had he been strong as he used to be, he would not have found himself nearly losing his equilibrium, at being run violently against by a woman, who turned swiftly out of her own door.

"Take care, Mrs. Grind! Is your house on fire?"

"It's begging a thousand pardons, sir. I hadn't no idea you was there," returned Mrs Grind, in lamentable confusion, when she saw whom she had all but knocked down. "Grind, he catches sight o' one o' the brick men going by, and he tells me to run and fetch him in; but I had got my hands in the soap-suds, and couldn't take 'em convenient out of it at the minute, and I was hasting lest he'd gone too far to be caught up. He have now."

"Is Grind better?"

"He ain't no worse, sir. There he is," she added, flinging the door open.

On the side of the kitchen opposite to the door was a pallet-bed stretched against the wall, and on it lay the woman's husband, Grind, dressed. It was a small room, and it appeared literally full of children, of encumbrances of all sorts. A string extended from one side of the fire place to the other, and on this hung some wet colored pinafores, the steam ascending from them in clouds, drawn out by the heat of the fire. The children were in various stages of un-dress, these colored pinafores doubtlessly constituting their sole outer garment. But that Grind's eye had caught his, Lionel might have hesitated to enter so uncomfortable a place. His natural kindness of heart—nay, his innate regard for the feelings of others, let them be ever so low in station—prevented his turning back when the man had seen him.

"Grind, don't move, don't get off the bed," Lionel said hastily. But Grind was already up. The ague fit was upon him then, and he shook the bed as he sat down upon it. His face wore that blue, pallid appearance, which you may have seen in agueish patients.

"You don't seem much better, Grind."

"Thank ye, sir, I be baddish just now again, but I ain't worse on the whole," was the man's reply. A civil, quiet, hardworking man as any on the estate; nothing against him but his large flock of children, and his difficulty of getting along any way. The mouths to feed were many—ravenous young mouths, too, and the wife, though civil and well-meaning, was not the most thrifty in the world. She liked gossiping better than thrift; but gossip was the most prevalent complaint of Clay Lane, so far as its female population were concerned.

"How long is it that you have been ill?" asked Lionel, leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece, and looking down on Grind, Mrs. Grind having whisked away the pinafores.

"It's going along of four weeks, sir, now. It's a illness, sir, I takes it, as must have its course."

"All illnesses must have that, as I believe," said Lionel. "Mine has taken its own time pretty well, has it not?"

Grind shook his head.

"You don't look none the better for your bout, sir. And it's a long time you must have been a getting strong. Mr. Jan, he said, just a month ago, when he first come to see me, as you was well, so to say, then. Ah! it's only them, as have tried it, knows what the pulling through up to strength again is, when the illness itself seems gone."

Lionel's conscience was rather suggestive at that moment. He might have been stronger than he was, by this time, had he "pulled through" with a better will, and given way less. "I am sorry not to see you better, Grind," he kindly said.

"You see me at the worst, sir, to-day," said the man, in a tone of apology, as if seeking to excuse his own sickness. "I *be* getting better, and that's a thing to be thankful for. I only gets the fever once in three days now. Yesterday, sir, I got down to the field, and earned what'll come to eighteenpence. I did indeed, sir, though you'd not think it, looking at me to-day."

"I should not," said Lionel. "Do you mean to say you went to work in your present state?"

"I didn't seem a bit ill yesterday, sir, except for the weakness. The fever it keeps me down all one day, as may be to-day; then the morrow I be quite prostrate with the weakness it leaves; and the third day I be, so to speak, well. But I can't do a full day's work, sir; no, nor hardly half of a one, and by evening I be so done over I can scarce crawl to my place here. It ain't much, sir, part of a day's work in three; but I be thankful for that improvement. A week ago, I couldn't do as much as that."

More suggestive thoughts for Lionel.

"He'd a get better quicker, sir, if he could do his work regular," put in the woman. "What's one day's work out o' three—even if 'twas a full day's—to find us all victuals? In course he can't fare better nor we; and Peckaby's, they don't give much trust to us. He gets a pot o' gruel, or a saucer o' porridge, or a hunch o'bread with a mite o' cheese."

Lionel looked at the man.

"You cannot eat plain bread now, can you, Grind?"

"All this day, sir, I shan't eat nothing; I couldn't swallow it," he answered. "After the fever and the shaking's gone, then I could eat, but not bread; it seems too dry for the throat, and it sticks in it. I get a dish o' tea, or something in that way. The next day—my well day, as I calls it—I can eat all afore me."

"You ought to have more strengthening food."

"It's not for us to say, sir, as we ought to have this here food, or that there food, unless we earns it," replied Grind, in a meek spirit of contented resignation that many a rich man might have taken a pattern from. "Mr. Jan, he says, 'Grind,' says he, 'you should have some meat to it, and some good beef-tea, and a drop o' wine wouldn't do you no harm,' says he. And it makes me smile, sir, to think where the like o' poor folks is to get such things. Lucky to be able to get a bit o' bread and a drain o' tea without sugar, them as is off their work, just to rub on and keep theirselves out o' the workhouse. I know I'm thankful to do it. Jim, he have got a place, sir."

"Jim, which is Jim?" asked Lionel, turning his eyes on the group of children, supposing one must be meant.

"He ain't here, sir," cried the woman. "It's the one with the black hair, and he was six year old yesterday. "He's gone to Farmer Johnson's to take care o' the pigs in the field. He's to get a shilling a week."

Lionel moved from his position. "Grind," he said, "don't you think it would be better

if you gave yourself complete rest, not attempting to go out to work until you are stronger?"

"I couldn't afford it, sir. And, as to its being better for me, I don't see that. If I can work, sir, I'm better at work. I know it tires me, but I believe I get stronger the sooner for it. Mr. Jan, he says to me, says he, 'Don't lie by never, Grind, unless you be obliged to it: it only rusts the limbs.' And he ain't far out, sir. Folks gets more harm from idleness nor they do from work."

"Well, good day Grind," said Lionel, "and I heartily hope you'll soon be on your legs again. Lady Verner shall send you something more nourishing than bread while you are still suffering."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," replied Grind. "My humble duty to my lady."

Lionel went out. "What a lesson for me!" he involuntarily exclaimed. "This poor, half-starved man struggling patiently onward through his sickness; while I, who had every luxury about me, spent my time in repining. What a lesson! Heaven help me to take it to my heart!"

He lifted his hat as he spoke, his feeling at the moment full of reverence; and went on to Frost's. "Where's Robin?" he asked of the wife.

"He's in the back room, sir," was the answer. "He's getting better fast. The old father, he have gone out a bit, a warming of himself in the sun."

She opened the door of a small back room as she spoke. But it proved to be empty. Robin was discerned in a garden, sitting on a bench; possibly to give *himself* a warming in the sun—as Mrs. Frost expressed it. He sat in a still attitude: his arms folded, his head bowed. Since the miserable occurrence touching Rachel, Robin Frost was a fearfully changed man: never, from the hour that the coroner's inquest was held and certain evidence had come out, had he been seen to smile. He had now been ill with ague, like Grind. Hearing the approach of footsteps, he turned his head, and rose when he saw it was Lionel."

"Well, Robin, how fares it? You are better, I hear. Sit yourself down: you are not strong enough to stand. What an enemy this low fever is! I wish we could root it out!"

"Many might be all the healthier for it, sir, if it could be done," was Robin's answer, spoken indifferently—as he nearly always spoke now. "As for me, I'm not far off being well again."

"They said in the village you were going to die, Robin, did they not?" continued Lionel. "You have cheated them you see."

"They said it, some of 'em, sir, and thought it, too. Old father thought it. I'm not sure but Mr. Jan thought it. *I* didn't, bad as I was," continued Robin, in a significant tone. "I had my oath to keep."

"Robin!"

"Sir, I have sworn—and you know I have sworn it—to have my revenge upon him that worked ill to Rachel. I can't die till that oath has been kept."

"There's a certain sentence, Robin, given us for our guide, amid many other such sentences, which runs somewhat after this fashion: 'Vengeance is mine,' quietly spoke Lionel. "Have you forgotten who it is says that?"

"Why did he—the villain—forget them sentences? Why did he forget 'em and harm her?" retorted Robin. "Sir, it's of no good for you to look at me in that way. I'll never be baulked in this matter. Old father, now and again, *he'll* talk about forgiveness: and when I say 'weren't you her father?' 'Ay,' he'll answer, 'but I've got one foot in the grave, Robin, and anger will not bring her back to life.' No, it won't," doggedly went on Robin. "It won't undo what was done, neither; but I'll keep my oath—so far as it is in my power to keep it. Dead though he is, he shall be exposed to the world."

The words "dead though he is" aroused the attention of Lionel. "To whom do you allude, Robin?" he asked. "Have you obtained any fresh clue?"

"Not much of a fresh one," answered the man, with a stress upon the word 'fresh.' "I have had it this six or seven months. When they heard he was dead, then they could speak out and tell me their suspicions of him."

"Who could? What mystery are you talking," reiterated Lionel.

"Never mind who, sir. It was one that kept his mouth shut, as long as there was any good in his opening it. 'Not to make ill-blood,' was the excuse he gave me after. If I had but known at the time," added the man, clenching his fist. "I'd have went out and killed him, if he had been double as far off!"

"Robin, what have you heard?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell *you*. But I have not opened my lips to a living soul, not even to old father. The villain that did the harm to Rachel was John Massingbird!"

Lionel remained silent from surprise.

"I don't believe it," he presently said, speaking emphatically. "Who has accused him?"

"Sir, I have said that I can't tell you. I passed my word not to do it. It was one that had cause to suspect him at the time. And he never told me—*never told me* until John Massingbird was dead!"

Robin's voice rose to a sound of wailing pain, and he raised his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Did your informant *know* that it was John Massingbird?" Lionel gravely asked.

"He had not got what is called positive proof, such as might avail in a court of justice; but he was morally certain," replied Robin. "And so am I. I am only waiting for one thing, sir, to tell it out to all the world."

"And what's that?"

"The returning home of Luke Roy. There's not much doubt that he knows all about it; I have my reasons for saying so, and I'd like to be quite sure before I tell out the tale. Old Roy says Luke may be expected home by any ship as comes; he don't think he'll stop there, now John Massingbird's dead."

"Then, Robin, listen to me," returned Lionel. "I have no 'positive proof,' any more than it appears your informant has; but I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that the guilty man was not John Massingbird. Understand me," he emphatically continued; "I have good and sufficient reason for saying this. Rely upon it, whoever, it may have been, John Massingbird it was not."

Robin lifted his eyes to the face of Lionel.

"You say you don't know this, sir?"

"Not of actual proof. But so sure am I that it was not he, that I could stake all I possess upon it."

"Then, sir, you'd lose it," doggedly answered Robin. "When the time comes that I choose to speak out—"

"What are you doing there?" burst forth Lionel, in a severely haughty tone.

It caused Robin to start from his seat.

In a gap of the hedge behind them, Lionel had caught sight of a human face, its stealthy ears complacently taking in every word. It was that of Roy the bailiff.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE PACKET IN THE SHIRT-DRAWER.

Mrs. Tynn, the housekeeper at Verner's Pride, was holding one of those periodical visitations that she was pleased to call, when in familiar colloquy with her female assistants, a "rout out." It appeared to consist of turning a room and its contents topsy-turvy, and then putting them straight again. The chamber, this time subjected to the ordeal, was that of her late master. Mr. Verner. His drawers, closets, and other places consecrated to clothes, had not been meddled with since his death. Mrs. Verner, in some moment unusually (for her) given to sentiment, had told Tynn she should like to "go over his dear clothes" herself. Therefore Tynn left them alone for that purpose. Mrs. Verner, however, who loved her personal case better than any earthly thing, and was more given to dropping off to sleep in her chair than ever, not only after dinner but all day long, never yet had ventured upon the task. Tynn suggested that she had better do it herself after all; and Mrs. Verner replied, perhaps she had. So Tynn set about it.

Look at Mrs. Tynn over that deep, open drawer full of shirts. She calls it "Master's shirt-drawer." Have the shirts scared away her senses? She has set herself down on the floor—almost fallen back as it seemed—in some shock of alarm, and her mottled face has turned as white as her master's was, when she last saw him lying on that bed at her elbow.

"Go down-stairs, Nancy, and stop there till I call you up again," she suddenly cried out to her helpmate.

And the girl left the room.

Between two of the shirts, in the very middle of the stack, Mrs. Tynn had come upon a parcel or letter. Not a small letter—if it was a letter—but one of very large size, thick, looking not unlike a government dispatch. It was sealed with Mr. Verner's own seal, and addressed in his own handwriting—"For my nephew, Lionel Verner. To be opened after my death."

Mrs. Tynn entertained not the slightest doubt that she had come upon the lost codicil. That it—the parcel—must have been lying quietly in the drawer since her master's death, was certain. The key of the drawer had remained in her own possession. When the search after the codicil took place, this drawer was opened—as a matter of form more than anything else—and Mrs. Tynn herself had lifted out the stack of shirts. There was no need to do it, she had assured those who were searching, for the drawer had been locked up at the time the codicil was made, and the deed could not have been put into it. They accepted her assurance, and did not look between the shirts. It puzzled Mrs. Tynn, now, to think how it could have got in.

"I'll not tell Tynn," she soliloquised—she and Tynn being somewhat inclined to take opposite sides of a question, in social intercourse—"and I'll not say a word to my mistress. I'll go straight off now and give it into the hands of Mr. Lionel. What a blessed thing! If he should be come into his own!"

The enclosed paved court before Lady Verner's residence had a broad flower-bed round it. It was private from the outer world, save for the iron gates, and here Decima and Lucy Tempest were fond of lingering on a fine day. On this afternoon of Mary Tynn's discovery, they were there with Lionel. Decima went in-doors for some string to tie up a fuchsia plant, just as she, Tynn, appeared at the iron gates. She stopped on seeing Lionel.

"I was going round to the other entrance, sir, to ask to speak to you," she said. "Something very strange has happened."

"Come in," answered Lionel. "Will you speak here, or go in-doors? What is it?"

Too excitedly eager to wait to go in-doors, or to care for the presence of Lucy Tempest, Mrs. Tynn told her tale, and handed the paper to Lionel. "It's the missing codicil, as sure as that we are here, sir."

He saw the official-looking nature of the document, its great seal, and the superscription in his uncle's handwriting. Lionel did not doubt that it was the codicil, and a streak of scarlet emotion arose to his pale cheek.

"You don't open it, sir!" said the woman, as feverishly impatient as if the good-fortune were her own.

No. Lionel did not open it. In his high honor, he deemed that, before opening, it should be laid before Mrs. Verner. It had been found in her house; it concerned her son. "I think it will be better that Mrs. Verner should open this, Tynn," he quietly said.

"You won't get me into a mess, sir, for bringing it out to you first?"

Lionel turned his honest eyes upon her smiling then. "Can't you trust me better than that? You have known me long enough."

"So I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt drawer!" she continued. "I can declare that for a good week before my master died, up to the very day that the codicil was looked for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, nor the key of it out of my pocket."

She turned to go back to Verner's Pride, Lionel intending to follow her at once. He was going out at the gate when he caught the pleased eyes of Lucy Tempest fixed on him.

"I am so glad," she simply said. "Do you remember my telling you that you did not look like one who would have to starve on bread and cheese?"

Lionel laughed in the joy of his heart. "I am glad also, Lucy. The place is mine by right, and it is just that I should have it."

"I have thought it very unfair, all along, that Verner's Pride should belong to her husband, and not to you, after—after what she did to you," continued Lucy, dropping her voice to a whisper.

"Things don't go by fairness, Lucy, in this world," cried he; and he went through the gate. "Stay," he said, turning back from it, as a thought crossed his mind. "Lucy, oblige me by not mentioning this to my mother or Decima. It may be as well to be sure that we are right, before exciting their hopes."

Lucy's countenance fell. "I will not speak of it. But, is it not sure to be the codicil?"

"I hope it is," cordially answered Lionel, as he finally walked away.

Mrs. Tynn had got back before him. She came forward and encountered him in the hall, her bonnet still on.

"I have told my mistress, sir, that I had found what I believed to be the codicil, and had took it off straight to you. She was not a bit angry: she says she hopes it is it."

Lionel entered. Mrs. Verner, who was in a semi-sleepy state, having been roused up by Mary Tynn from a long nap after a plentiful luncheon, received Lionel graciously. First of all asking him what he would take—it was generally her chief question—and then inquiring what the codicil said.

"I have not opened it," replied Lionel.

"No?" said she, in surprise. "Why did you wait?"

He laid it on the table beside her. "Have I your cordial approval to open it, Mrs. Verner?"

"You are ceremonious, Lionel. Open it at once. Verner's Pride belongs to you, more than to Fred; and you know I have always said so."

Lionel took up the deed. His finger was upon the seal when a thought crossed him: ought he to open it without further witnesses? He spoke his doubt aloud to Mrs. Verner.

"Ring the bell and have in Tynn," said she. "His wife also: she found it."

Lionel rang. Tynn and his wife both came in, in obedience to the request. Tynn looked at it curiously: and began rehearsing mentally a private lecture for his wife, for acting upon her own responsibility.

The seal was broken. The stiff writing-paper of the outer cover revealed a second cover of stiff writing-paper precisely similar to the first: but on this last there was no superscription. It was tied round with fine white twine. Lionel cut it. Tynn and Mrs. Tynn waited with the utmost eagerness: even Mrs. Verner's eyes were opened wider than usual.

Alas for the hopes of Lionel! The parcel contained nothing but a glove, and a small piece of writing paper, folded once. Lionel unfolded it, and read the following lines:

"This glove has come into my possession. When I tell you that I know where it was found and how you lost it, you will not wonder at the shock the discovery has been to me. I hush it up, Lionel, for your late father's sake, as much as for that of the name of Verner. I am about to seal it up that it may be given to you after my death: and you will then know why I disinherit you.

"S. V."

Lionel gazed on the lines like one in a dream. They were in the handwriting of his uncle. Understand them, he could not. He took up the glove, a thick, fawn-colored riding-glove, and remembered it for one of his own. When he had lost it, or where he had lost it, he knew no more than did the table he was standing by. He had worn dozens of these gloves in the years gone by: up to the period when he had gone in mourning for John Massingbird, and, subsequently, for his uncle.

"What is it, Lionel?"

Lionel put the lines in his pocket, and pushed the glove towards Mrs. Verner. "I do not understand it in the least," he said. "My uncle appears to have found the glove somewhere and he writes to say that he returns it to me. The chief matter that concerns us is"—turning his eyes on the servants—"that it is not the codicil!"

Mrs. Tynn lifted her hands. "How one may be deceived!" she uttered. "Mr. Lionel, I'd freely have laid my life upon it."

"It was not exactly my place to speak, sir; to give my opinion beforehand," interposed Tynn, "but I was sure that was not the lost codicil, by the very look of it. The codicil might have been about that size, and it had a big seal like that; but it was different in appearance."

"All that puzzled me, was how it could have got into the shirt-drawer," cried Mrs. Tynn. "As it has turned out not to be the codicil, of course there's no mystery about that. It may have been lying there weeks and weeks before the master died."

Lionel signed to them to leave the room: there was nothing to call for their remaining in it. Mrs. Verner asked him what the glove meant.

"I assure you I do not know," was his reply. And he took it up, and examined it well again. One of his riding-gloves, scarcely worn, with a tear near the thumb: but there was nothing upon it, not so much as a trace, a spot, to afford any information. He rolled it up mechanically in the two papers, and placed them in his pocket, lost in thought.

"Do you know that I have heard from Australia?" asked Mrs. Verner.

The words aroused him thoroughly. "Have you? I did not know it."

"I wonder Mary Tynn did not tell you. The letters came this morning. If you look about"—turning her eyes on the tables and places—"you will find them somewhere."

Lionel knew that Mary Tynn had been too much absorbed in his business, to find room in her thoughts for letters from Australia.

"Are these the letters?" he asked, taking up two from a side table.

"You'll know them by the post-marks. Do sit down and read them to me, Lionel. My sight is not good for letters now, and I couldn't read half that was in them. The ink's as pale as water. If it was the ink Fred took out, the sea must have washed into it. Yes, yes, you must read both to me, and I shall not let you go away before dinner."

He did not like, in his good nature, to refuse her. And he sat there and read the long letters. Read Sibylla's. Before the last one was fully accomplished, Lionel's cheeks were their scarlet hectic.

They had made a very quick and excellent passage. But Sibylla found Melbourne *hateful*. And Fred was ill; ill with fever. A fever was raging in a part of the crowded town, and he had caught it. She did not think it was a catching fever either, she added; people said it arose from the over-population. They could not as yet hear of John, or his money, or anything about him; but Fred would see into it when he got better. They were at a part of Melbourne called Canvas Town, and she, Sibylla, was sick of it, and Fred drank heaps of brandy. If it were all land between her and home, she should set off at once on foot, and toil her way back again. She *wished* she had never come. Everything she cared for, except Fred, seemed to be left behind in England.

Such was her letter. Fred's was gloomy also, in a different way. He said nothing about any fever; he mentioned, casually as it appeared, that he was not well, but that was all. He had not learnt tidings of John, but had not had time yet to make inquiries. The worst piece of news he mentioned was the loss of his desk: which had contained the chief portion of his money. It had disappeared in a mysterious manner immediately after being taken off the ship—he concluded by the light fingers of some crimp, or thief, shoals of whom crowded on the quay. He was in hopes yet to find it; and had not told Sibylla. That was all he had to say at present, but would write again by the next packet.

"It is not very cheering news on the whole, is it?" said Mrs. Verner, as Lionel folded the letters.

"No. They had evidently not received the tidings of my uncle's death. Or we should have heard that they were already coming back again."

"I don't know that," replied Mrs. Verner. "Fred worships money, and he would not suffer what was left by poor John to slip through his fingers. He will stay till he has realized it. I hope they will think to bring me back some memento of my lost boy! If it was only the handkerchief he used last, I should value it."

The tears filled her eyes. Lionel respected her grief, and remained silent. Presently she resumed, in a musing tone:

"I knew Sibylla would only prove an encumbrance to Fred out there; and I told him so. If Fred thought he was taking out a wife who would make shift, and put up pleasantly with annoyances, he was mistaken. Sibylla in Canvas Town! Poor girl! I wonder she married him. Don't you?"

"Rather so," answered Lionel, his scarlet blush deepening.

"I do: especially to go to that place. Sibylla's a pretty flower to sport in the sunshine; but she never was constituted for a rough life, or to get pricked by thorns."

Lionel's heart beat. It echoed to every word. Would that she could have been sheltered from the thorns, the rough usages of life, as he would have sheltered her!

Lionel dined with Mrs. Verner, but quitted her soon afterwards. When he got back to Deerham Court the stars were peeping out in the clear summer sky. Lucy Tempest was lingering in the court-yard, no doubt waiting for him, and she ran to meet him as soon as he appeared at the gate.

"How long you have been!" was her greeting, her glad eyes shining forth hopefully. "And is it all yours?"

Lionel drew her arm within his own in silence, and walked with her in silence till they reached the pillared entrance of the house. Then he spoke:

"You have not mentioned it, Lucy?"

"Of course I have not."

"Thank you. Let us both forget it. It was not the codicil. And Verner's Pride is not mine." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Rev. J. A. Anderson, chaplain of the Third Regiment California Volunteers, upon closing his Fourth of July oration at San Francisco, pronounced the following strange benediction:—"And now may the God of Washington, the God of Foote, Halleck, McClellan, and Lincoln, nerve, guide and urge this whole nation, till Richmond is taken, Charleston burnt, secession annihilated, and slop-shop Union men turned out of existence. Amen."

☞ New Orleans is called by the True Delta (out-and-out Union)—"the dismal region of frowning women." Certainly that epithet is dismal enough to throw a hypochondriac into fits and scare the smile from the face of the jolliest dog in creation.

☞ Some people are ever dull when perfectly sober; like a wafer, they must be well wetted to be good for anything.


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.


REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.


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R. A. Respectfully declined.

## THE WAR.

In the present condition of affairs, with so little definite news from the army in Virginia, and with the position of things liable to change at any moment, we cannot be expected to afford our readers much light upon the war. By our news columns our readers will see that the rebels have taken advantage of the retreat of McClellan from the peninsula, to endeavor to throw their whole force upon Gen. Pope, and overwhelm the Union army in Virginia in detail. As we write this the advices would seem to indicate that they will not succeed in their well-planned attempt—but that the forces under Pope, Burnside and McClellan have succeeded in effecting a junction, and now occupy the northern side of the Rappahannock.

The rebel guerillas in Missouri, at the last accounts, seemed to be getting rather the worse of it—and the larger portion of them were in retreat for Arkansas.

In Kentucky and Tennessee things are so mixed up that it is difficult to say what is the present condition of affairs. The Union forces seem to have fallen back from Cumberland Gap, and Buell seems to be in some danger. But a good deal of the "surrounding" we read of in the telegraphic accounts, may be merely the work of small bands of guerillas, who are very troublesome, but not very dangerous to an army.

## THE FEELING ABROAD.

Archbishop Hughes tells the usual story as to the state of feeling over the ocean. In a recent speech delivered in New York he said, speaking of the great majority of those with whom he came into contact—

"Not only had they no correct idea, but their ideas were entirely the reverse of what is fact, and very many of them continue so to the present day. Before I left Europe I conversed with men of every nation, for I had an opportunity of meeting them, though I did not go to their respective countries, and the general feeling was what I have described. In the first place a determination—not by understanding the question, but by a decision of will—foreign will—that the South should be right and the North wrong. That idea was fixed in the minds of nearly all; but I will not include in this category those who felt it to be their duty to listen and to reflect upon the matter before giving an opinion.

The main reasons given to the Archbishop for their sympathy with the rebels were, first, that the South must have been oppressed, or it would not have revolted; secondly, that the right of separation was an American right; and, thirdly, that the country was becoming so large and unwieldy that it naturally fell to pieces. Besides these reasons was that of interest—a belief that it was for the interest of Europe that the United States should be divided.

While it is well to know exactly what is the state of feeling abroad, it can make no possible difference to us what it is, so long as Europe lets us alone. We know that we are right, and if we are victorious, the whole world will acknowledge it too.

## GENERAL CORCORAN.

Corcoran, who commanded the Irish regiment at Manassas, and who being taken prisoner found such great difficulty in being exchanged, had an enthusiastic reception in this city on the 21st. His long imprisonment has only served to quicken his zeal in the Union cause, and he is now engaged in the enrolling of an Irish brigade of which he is to take command. His promotion from the rank of Colonel to that of Brigadier General was designed to manifest the country's sense of his faithful services. Whatever may be said of other republics, we do not think that the facts prove that the American Republic is ungrateful.

We may add that Gen. Corcoran, during his long confinement in prison, kept a journal of all that passed; and the results of his experience in secessia will be given to the public in book form by that enterprising publisher, George W. Childs, of this city. It will be an interesting episode in the history of the great rebellion.

COCKNEY SPELLING.—The itemizer of the *North American* tells an amusing story of how a cockney, fresh from London, recently spelt the word saloon. He was a sign-painter, and one of our citizens who wished that word used on a sign, asked him if he could spell it correctly. "Certainly," said the artist, with a look of triumph, "there's a bess, and a bay, and a hell, and two hoes and a ben." It is only necessary to add, that he was set at once to work.

INDIAN OUTBREAK IN MINNESOTA.—We are pained to see statements of an Indian outbreak at the Lower Sioux Agency in Minnesota. We hope the particulars given in our news columns are, as is usual, greatly exaggerated.

## "YANKEE AMAZONS."

The Konigsberg Gazette publishes a sprightly letter, written by Miss Charlotte M. C. Hanselmann, daughter of the Rev. Erastus Hanselmann, of that city, who is now in this country on a botanical tour. The following extract will be found interesting. We are assured that while it is rather highly colored, it is as nearly correct as could be expected:—

"As an evidence of the martial spirit of the American people, it may be cited that in Berkshire county, in the state of Massachusetts, there is a troop of cavalry composed entirely of young ladies of the best families. It is a rigidly select corps: no one being allowed to join who is deficient in figure or stature, or whose skill in equitation is not of the first order. The company numbers over sixty uniformed members. Miss Pomeroy is the captain, and Miss Kipp the lieutenant. I had the honor of seeing Miss Captain Pomeroy, who is a tall, comely young lady, highly educated, with a martial enthusiasm that reminded me of the Countess Emily Plater. She was elegantly dressed in a dark blue coat with plain gilt buttons; light blue pantaloons, strapped under the spurred boots; buff cassimere vest with plain gilt buttons, and black hat. This uniform, which is worn alike by officers and privates, is quite expensive, costing nearly eighty thalers of our money; but it is exceedingly beautiful. I am informed that the troop exercises as lancers, and performs the evolutions creditably. It is a 'Home Guard,' by which term is meant a corps for local service exclusively.

"Whether this organization is really useful in a military sense or not, it is decidedly popular with the young ladies, because it gives them an excellent opportunity of wearing a highly attractive style of male attire. Besides that, it has already, I think, proved the truth of the Duchess de Berri's theory, that ladies can ride astride with more safety, comfort and grace than they can on the side saddle. After seeing Miss Captain Pomeroy on horseback, riding like a gallant cavalier, I felt that woman's rights, so far as the dress question is concerned, were fully conceded, at least in Berkshire, which is by far the most refined and enlightened region in all America, and not surpassed by any portion of Europe."

The uniform of Miss Pomeroy, as described by Miss Hanselmann, is evidently the uniform of a captain of United States cavalry, differing only in one particular—Miss Pomeroy wearing plain gilt buttons in preference to those of the regulation pattern.

## THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

A walk through the new rooms of Messrs. BROADBENT & Co., in Chestnut street, above Tenth, the other day, proved to us that whatever else was depressed by the war, the Photographic Art was in the full tide of success. Broadbent's new saloons are both elegant and commodious, with a private room for altering the dress, when such alteration is required, and everything arranged in the most convenient and appropriate manner. A lounge through the principal room, with its many beautiful portraits, is a positive treat. Some of the Ivorytypes of beautiful women cannot be surpassed for the excellence of both the photographing and the coloring, and the ladies themselves have a fair claim to be enrolled among the queens of beauty, judging by these portraits. The first-class photographs on canvas, colored in oil, are also excellent. This establishment has recently added to its fine collection of *cartes de visite*, pictures of Hon. Edward Everett, Brigadier General Negley, Dr. J. E. Rhoads, Dr. A. C. Hart, Rev. Dr. Suddards, Governor Yates, of Illinois, Rev. A. B. Atkins, Rev. Kingston Goddard, D. D., Rev. T. K. Conrad, Dr. M. Duane, Rev. E. W. Hutter, D. D., Colonel Collis, of the Zouaves d'Afrique, Dr. Reed, and the late Hon. R. T. Conrad.

## THE COTTON CULTURE.

Dr. Hall, of the *Journal of Health*, who is a native of Kentucky, and lived for a considerable period in the Cotton States, says in a recent number of that journal:—

*Since confiscation is the law of the land*, let all the confiscated soil be divided, by the Government, into conveniently small-sized parcels, and leased to any one who will take them, for the cultivation of cotton, etc. If this is done, the annual yield of cotton, in five years, will approach *eight million bales*, instead of the four or five millions, some two years ago. We have often laughed in our sleeve, as many a cotton-planter has no doubt done, at the monstrously absurd admission of the North, that only negroes were fit to cultivate the burning plantations of the South, and that white men could not stand it. Dear, delightful ignoramuses of the North, did you ever inquire who dug the canals of the South, and ditched its millions of reclaimed lands? White men, for the most part. *We have a medical student in our office now, who graduated with honor last spring at one of the best medical schools in the nation, who, at sixteen, made a full "hand" on his loyal father's immense plantation. We can give you the place and name and date and residence of families in the Gulf States, whose cotton was ploughed and planted and hoed and gathered by the girls and boys under the direction of the father, not a negro on the place; but they soon became able to own negroes, and now have plantations and "hands" of their own, all paid for. Having practiced medicine on Southern plantations we speak by the authority of personal observation and actual knowledge of the facts.*

☞ When Dr. Vail, in the course of a late speech in one of the Vermont towns, read from a letter of a sympathiser with the rebels, the expression of a wish that Massachusetts might be put along side of South Carolina, so that an opportunity might be given them like the Kilkenny cats to completely destroy each other, an Irishman in the crowd, who hailed from the county of Kilkenny, became greatly incensed at what he regarded an insult to his county, and assuming a defiant attitude, called out to the speaker, "Prove your Kilkenny cats!"

☞ In early days the serpent was "more subtle than any beast of the field." In our times every regiment has a sutler.

☞ A fearful epidemic has suddenly fallen upon the country, chiefly confined to male citizens between the ages of 18 and 45. The Newburyport Herald says that it was never so sickly in that city before. Many cases are very distressing.

☞ Time works wonders on the face of Mrs Titterwale's friends; but time never touches Mrs. T.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LES MISERABLES. COSSETTE. MARIUS. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the original French by Chas. E. Wilbur. Carleton, Publisher, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Victor Hugo's new work is passing rapidly through its publication. The second and third parts named above have appeared in quick succession. It is hardly possible to accomplish anything like a suitable review of a work which passes over so much ground as does this, which we can well believe to have been twenty years in passing through its author's hands. Politics, national and world-wide; social reform, attempted or needed; religious tenets; the monastic system; crime, its prevention and punishment;—these are only part of the subjects touched upon or elaborately discussed in the course of these two volumes. As for the story itself, it rolls through these various realms of thought like a stream of burning lava. Those who objected to the simplicity of the plot of "Fantine" cannot find the same fault with "Cosette" and "Marius." From a simple parable of reform and regeneration, the history of Jean Valjean becomes dramatic, nay, melo-dramatic. The change from the Mayor's seat to the convict's bench at the galleys, escape, pursuit, the efforts of the pursued to baffle the pursuer, ever following his track with the pertinacity of a blood-hound, hair-breadth 'scapes, deeds of generosity and devotion;—such is the tissue of the story which bears us on absorbed and fevered with its vividness and power. In these respects we hardly know anything to equal Book Eighth of "Marius,"—the adventures of Jean Valjean in the den of the lowest and most pitiable of "Les Miserables," whither he has come on an errand of charity and beneficence.

The first book of "Cosette" is occupied with a description of the battle of Waterloo; such a description we believe as has never hitherto been written. It has hardly a thread of connection with the story, but is worthy a place of its own. The battle-ground, the plan of attack, the character of the opposing forces are described with clear detail. The commanders are pictured to us; "not enemies, but opposites. In Wellington, precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, retreat assured, reserves economized, obstinate composure, imperturbable method, strategy to profit by the ground, war directed watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to chance, ancient classic courage, absolute correctness. In Napoleon, intuition, inspiration, a military marvel, a superhuman instinct; a flashing glance, a mysterious something which gazes like the eagle and strikes like the thunderbolt, all the mysteries of a deep soul, intimacy with destiny. The battle thickens, the English forces waver and fall back, then thunders forward that terrible charge of the French cuirassiers, which hurls itself on the immovable iron squares of the English infantry, pierced with bayonets, swept with storms of grape-shot, charging again and again with rage, with superhuman but ineffectual bravery, till annihilated to the last man. The picture is terrible, lurid, vivid. To conclude it:

"Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer no. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No, Because of God.

"For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts was preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of events had long been announced.

"It was time that this vast man should fall.

"The excessive weight of this man in human destiny disturbed the equilibrium. This individual counted, of himself alone, more than the universe beside. These plethoras of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure. The moment had come for Incorruptible supreme equity to look to it. Probably the principles and elements upon which regular gravitations in the moral order as well as in the material depend, began to murmur. Reeking blood, overcrowded cemeteries, weeping mothers—these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge, there are mysterious moanings from the deeps which the Heavens hear.

"Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

"Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe."

A summing up of the whole drama. We could wish that Victor Hugo had left the subject there, not seeking to explain and expand it further.

The episode which describes the convent of the Bernardines, of the Perpetual Adoration, and the succeeding consideration of the whole monastic system, is the most finished, the most carefully wrought, and in some respects the most interesting portion of this work. Like the subject of Waterloo, it is summed up and, as it were, capped by an epigram.

"When we speak of convents, those seats of error, but of goodness, of mistaken views, but of good intentions, of ignorance, but of devotion, of torment, but of martyrdom, we must nearly always have "yes" and "no" upon our lips.

"A convent is a contradiction—its object salvation, its means self-sacrifice. The convent is supreme egotism, resulting in supreme self-denial.

"In the cloister they suffer that they may enjoy—they draw a bill of exchange on death—they discount the celestial splendor in terrestrial night. In the cloister an earthly hell is accepted as the charge made in advance on the future inheritance of heaven.

"The assumption of the veil or the frock is a suicide reimbursed by an eternity."

In "Marius" equally carefully drawn pictures are given of the remnants of the old regime, which, as late as 1820, still congregated in Paris, and of the band of those considering themselves social and political regenerators, still living, talking and working there. These subjects are, to any but French readers, less interesting, and are felt as a hindrance to the narrative, then in its full flow. The story breaks off abruptly at the conclusion of part third, and leaves us with interest more stimulated than before to await the two concluding volumes.

☞ Either attempt not, or accomplish.

## AMERICAN PATIENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who says that Americans are an impatient people? Who fixed upon us this character, as contrasted with the slow-going, much-enduring population of the Old World? I stand to maintain the contrary. Not to seek for the great examples of our patience and long suffering—not to count up the instances accruing in the Northern States during the political phases of the last twenty years—not even to dwell afresh upon the nation's silent waiting through the long weary months, when the "grand Army of the Potomac" lay before the threatening batteries of Manassas, and "all quiet on the Potomac" formed our morning, noontide and evening fare—small examples in plenty meet us every day; from the galleries of the legislative halls at Washington, where voluntary martyrs sit hour after hour, submitting patiently, if not cheerfully, to be bored, to an extent never practiced among any other people of ordinary humanity—from our street cars, our 'busses, and our lamp-post corners, where, to one or more hearers, a speaker expends his platitudes on the subject of our national troubles, repeating over and over the bald sayings already a thousand times stuffed in those patient ears, till wonder grows upon us that no frenzied sufferer is found to rise and revolt against the infliction.

I am not patient. I lay no claim to the meek virtue. When my next neighbor remarks that war matters are not going on so well as we could wish, and proceeds, with logical utterance and an evident conviction that he is stating an interesting and quite original opinion, to prove that General Hunter's measures are imprudent and premature, or that General McClellan's movements are not sufficiently vigorous and prompt, or some other such novel view, I rise, I gird up my vesture, I flee from before his face as from that of a roaring lion.

But last night I had an experience. The evening had been cool. I had left the outdoor twilight for the gas-light within. I had glanced over a political newspaper, run my view along our lines from the James river, whence report depicted the "Grand Army" on its backward course—to the Mississippi, where General Butler is being bothered with his contraband wood-choppers. Having accomplished this necessary but unpleasant duty, I had refreshed myself with a slice of melon, and consigned myself to bed and to slumber. I was awakened from my first sleep by a peculiar sensation; a rasping, grating sense of suffering, which became stronger every moment, till the full sense of my situation burst upon me; I was being Bored.

A lamp-post under my chamber window was, as usual, upheld by a group of those pillars of the state who commonly cluster themselves in such places, and from among them sounded a dreadful voice, sonorous, argumentative, slow, pausing between each sentence with the weight of oratorical talent.

"*I* can fully explain to you the nature of the draft," the voice was saying when I became fully conscious; "for, though not a native of this state (this state being what orators call the little *but* patriotic state of Delaware!), I am a native of Pennsylvania, and understand these things; yes, I am a Pennsylvanian; a native of Pennsylvania; I was born there; my wife, she was born there, too; like me, she is a native of Pennsylvania." A groan escaped me here, as I thought of the possible propagation of the species of this terrible creature. But the tide flowed on.

"Now, the percentage of men to be drafted in my native state, Pennsylvania, is one in five. Here it may be more; it may be less; probably more,"—a confirmatory murmur from the group by the lamp-post. "More; you think more; very well; one in three and a half? *very* well. I am a native of Pennsylvania, and—" With an ejaculation of despair I turned over, stuffing the corner of the bolster into my upper ear. Vain attempt! short relief! The conclusion of the lecture on drafting pierced its way through feathers and linen. "If—the quota is not then filled, the draft is again put in operation; but this time—you follow me now?—this time—supposing you have been drafted the first time—this time—you understand?—your names are not subject to be called upon—yes, sir; at the second counting you are omitted."

A short pause; yet not one of those sufferers took advantage of the moment's respite to "skedaddle." Could heroism and patience go farther than this?

"Now, as to this whole war," resumed this pitiless fiend in human shape, "I will give you my views upon the subject; what I felt, from the moment, that the first gun at Sumpter—"

An anguished plunge beneath the counterpane here gave me a temporary relief, but what could I do? like a whale I had to emerge again to blow. Again it sounded.

"Now, as to whether the South had cause to complain of the North; or, whether the North ought to think hard of the South; that for the present, I leave. But as to the maintenance of the Union—" At this point the limit of human endurance among the lamp-posters was reached, and one of them distinctly announced that he "had to go home." Whereupon a murmur of similar declarations immediately followed. "Must go?" cried the disappointed orator. "So soon? Well, I'll walk down street with you." So the voice soon died away in the distance, leaving me to reflect upon and marvel at this remarkable and unparalleled instance of that in which I have long put faith—our American patience. M.

☞ "Joseph! Joseph!" bawled a group of idle Parisians before a hack stand. "Here! here! here!" shouted twenty voices running up to catch the "fare." "Are you Joseph?" "Yes, sir, 'tis *me!*—'tis *me!*" "Did your brother sell you into Egypt?" "Oh, no, sir." "Then you ain't the Joseph we want."

## THE WAR.

BURNSIDE'S RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—MCCLELLAN'S ARMY AT ALEXANDRIA.

The *Philadelphia Press* of the 23d says:—

We have highly important news from Gen. Pope's army of Virginia, but refrain from publishing anything that may be detrimental to the Government. From private letters received in this city, which have been brought to us with the request that their contents be published for the benefit of the people, we glean the following items which are endorsed by our special correspondence to some extent; but as we deem it improper to publish details at present, we have decided it expedient to suppress our news letters, in accordance with the wishes of the War Department and Generals Halleck, McClellan, and Pope, hoping that, in a few days, we may be able to entirely relieve the public mind with both official and unofficial reports of events recently transpiring in Virginia. Gen. Pope has probably fallen back across the Rappahannock river, and makes that stream his line of defence. The enemy is said to be on the south bank of the river in great force, and he has made numerous strong, but ineffectual, attempts to cross, and, if possible, turn our right flank, at the same time making a demonstration upon our centre, with the intention of breaking through it. Such a disposition of our troops has been made that no fears are entertained that any further retreat will be necessary; on the other hand, we have the announcement by telegraph, that a large portion of the army of the Potomac has arrived at Alexandria, to reinforce the army of Virginia. Gen. McClellan has arrived with them, and it is believed has assumed command of the entire army of the Potomac. Fighting of a desultory and indecisive sort has been going on for several days past, and the enemy has, no doubt, been repulsed at all points by our batteries, but not without some loss of artillerymen and horses. Among the distinguished dead we regret to record the name of the gallant Col. Coulter, of the 11th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell nobly fighting at the head of his brave and war-worn regiment. All honor to his memory, and to the memory of the heroes that have fallen with him. God grant they may be few. During Thursday last, heavy firing was heard on the extreme left of our line; and this led to the belief that Burnside's corps, under command of Major-Gen. Jesse L. Reno, of Pennsylvania, was giving the enemy a Roanoke Island demonstration, on a grander scale in an open field, and that the rebels in this attempt to turn our left flank would be handsomely repulsed, and our private advices above alluded to indicate as much. Gen. Pope is praised for great skill and activity exhibited by him in throwing forward reinforcements to all weak points, and it is said has had no rest for 72 hours. *We are most happy to say that all of our advices indicate a success of our arms at all points.* Our troops are enthusiastic and in the very best of spirits; always eager to meet the wily foe wherever he may present himself. It is evident that Richmond has been left almost bare of troops, and that the whole rebel army has been launched against the Army of Virginia, but before many hours we hope to record a brilliant and decisive Union victory in the grand battle which is now imminent, and it is thought will be fought on Sunday next. We see nothing in all this to discourage us in the least. It is but the consummation of the plans of our Commander in Chief. The failure of the campaign on the Peninsula rendered it necessary for the Army of Virginia to be organized, and pushed forward towards Richmond, to attract the attention of the rebels, while the Army of the Potomac—a dead letter, at Harrison's Landing—should be brought away and put into a position where it could operate against the enemy effectively. In bringing it to Alexandria this end has been attained. In a few days the old Army of the Potomac, comprising eight corps d'armee, all strengthened by convalescent soldiers and new recruits (and the whole army reinforced by scores of new regiments), led on by McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Banks, Hooker, Kearney and Reno, will advance to overwhelm and rout an insolent foe, who, in the fond hope of insulting our commander-in-chief in his headquarters at Washington once more, will find that he has advanced too far from his base of supplies and line of defence at Richmond. In conclusion, we would stir up our people to place the most implicit confidence in our Government and our leaders, crush treason at home, and encourage enlistments. Let us rush to the rescue and partake of the glory *now*.

### The Situation in Virginia.

[From the New York World.]

WASHINGTON, August 20—At this day and hour a well-grounded anxiety exists behind the scenes, concerning the possibilities of the week to come. If by the time this letter, published in your columns, shall have been read in Dixie, the impending dangers have not injured us, they can never return again. So it is safe to tell their nature.

Taking the advantage of McClellan's movement, of the roundabout route by which he is going to support Pope, of their own inner and direct lines of transit, the rebels are rapidly throwing their whole strength against the army of Virginia. They are apparently making a giant effort to conquer our defenseless force, and thereby capture Washington, before the bulk of McClellan's army can avail for the rescue. I have only to tell you that your surmises are already sustained by the latest military news. Generals Lee and Jackson have been shrewd enough to see their advantage, and are, to all appearances, profiting by it.

Last night, then, and to-day, we have a little panic on hand, and a much more sensible one than the last. Gen. Pope has found the enemy's numbers suddenly augmented to one hundred thousand men, or upward. Moreover, they are moving from Gordonsville in force toward Fredericksburg, perhaps intending to push through the weak places of our left. This has forced Pope either to give battle on the spot or to at once draw in his lines. The former alternative can only be the last extremity of evil, consequently he is falling rapidly back; has, I am informed, evacuated the Culpepper region, bag and baggage; has drawn in his lines at least fifteen miles, edging a little toward Acquia creek, in order to be within easier concentrating reach of such portions of McClellan's army as have there landed.

Oh for a magic carpet, large enough to hold fifty thousand men, and bear them in an eye's wink from Yorktown to the north fork of the Rappahannock! As it is, the country knows that a certain portion of McClellan's army *has* reached the important point, and of course the remainder is hurrying forward through such magnificent means of water transportation as the world never before has been collected.

But the enemy is not only pushing one column toward Fredericksburg. Another body, how large I don't pretend to know, presses steadily against us on the old Gordonsville route. We have got our hands full for the next week. They can safely spare every gray coat from Richmond. Who knows that 25,000 other men are not at this moment marching down the Shenandoah valley? If that were the case, we should be in trouble. A misconception has always obtained at the North relative to the method of entering the valley. No one has ever imagined that a rebel force could get in there, save by the conventional Stonewall route, via the Virginia Central Railroad, Staunton, &c. Bear in mind for a moment that another railroad, parallel with the one just named, runs from Richmond west to Lynchburg, etc., on a line *south of the James river*. We know that, some time since, the enemy threw a portion of his Richmond army south of the river—to attack Suffolk it was said. Suppose that force to have moved along the Southside Railroad, to have entered the valley at Salem, thence secretly to have marched down to Staunton, and now ready to co-operate in the joint movement by a dash for Harper's Ferry and upper Maryland. If the enemy in Virginia had been as numerous as some have claimed, he would assuredly have availed himself of this advantage. Fortunately, we have no news to confirm such fears.

Meanwhile the rebels, always cognizant of any separation of our forces, and swift to use their knowledge, seem to have permitted McClellan to move quietly off, in order to attack Pope's segregated column in force. They have made two grand mistakes, which we believe will prove fatal to their scheme. First, they do not know how long ago McClellan's evacuation commenced, and hence have not calculated on finding any of his army in their new path. Second, they have underrated our means of transportation—have made a great blunder in supposing that one-fourth the time will be needed for bringing the army of the Potomac up the river which was consumed in originally moving it down.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. Not if General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hauling of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for him to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. *Au reste*, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is contraband. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little *immediate* use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a masterhand at the helm. We are to-day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

### PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO HORACE GREELEY.

An answer to a recent letter from Mr. Greeley in the N. Y. Tribune, complaining of the President's non-enforcement of the Confiscation Act, and advocating a proclamation of Emancipation as a military measure, the President has replied as follows:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 23d, 1862.

*Hon. Horace Greeley:*—

DEAR SIR:—I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself, through the New York Tribune.

If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the National authority can be restored the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was."

If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle *is* to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do *not* believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do *less* whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do *more* whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of *official* duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed *personal* wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,
A. LINCOLN.

(Signed)

NAVAL EXPLOITS IN PROSPECT.—The Secretary of the Navy will probably soon be called upon to co-operate with our armies in the final and decisive blows at the rebellion. The preparations making by the Department plainly point to this. A naval force is being created which will be competent not only to the capture of every seaport still held by the rebels, but to the protection of every river in the rebel States. By the beginning of October ten or twelve iron-clad vessels will be afloat, and a large number of swift, light draught gunboats are under way. Gen. Halleck doubtless looks first to the capture of Richmond. That effected, the Mississippi river, the ports of Mobile, Savannah and Charleston will be looked after. Then the navy will be again brought prominently into action, and the rebels and the world will see that that arm of the Government is more than ever vigorous and effective.

☞ A very happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive means of travel was made by a little girl who had ridden fifty miles in a railroad train, then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further, and was asked on her arrival, if she came by the cars. "We came a little way in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

☞ In view of the facility with which a famous rebel moves himself from field to field, it is suggested that his *sobriquet* be changed from "Stonewall" to "Portable Fence" Jackson.

☞ Paddy was summoned to court for refusing to pay a doctor's bill. Judge—Why do you refuse to pay? Paddy—What for should I pay? Sure, did he give me anything but some emetics, and the niver a one could I keep in my stomach at all, at all?

☞ Distinctions are often arbitrary. Flowers and weeds are commonly spoken of as opposites. Yet every flower is a weed—when it isn't wanted. Ask the farmers. Every weed has its flower, and rightly situated or rightly employed, is an ornamental, useful plant. Ask the botanists.

☞ Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secret of all hearts shall be manifest.

☞ A lady, deserted by one man, seems to have no other remedy than an appeal to twelve.

☞ The ladies' man—The man with the moustache.

☞ Rulers wield the people, but schoolmasters wield rulers.

☞ The suspension bridge over the Niagara River, at Lewiston, is 1,042 feet 10 inches in one span, and 43 feet greater than any other single span in the world, being nearly twice as great as the celebrated bridge over the Menai Straits in England.

☞ "What's in a dress?" asks a popular writer. That depends on who the wearer is.

☞ There is a man living somewhere or other so alarmingly bright that he uses the palm of his hand for a looking-glass. It is said that anybody can see through him.

☞ Don't confide your secrets to an inordinate laugher—he might "split."

☞ "I presume you won't charge anything for just *re-membering* me," said a one legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

☞ "Well, what next?" said Mrs. Partington, as she interrupted Ike, who was reading the war news. "The pickets were driven in five miles? Bless my poor soul! but that will make a strong fence. I suppose they had to be driven in deep to keep the secessionaders from digging out under them!"

☞ Dr. Johnson once said that it argued great presumption in a young clergyman to think he could write an original sermon good enough for his people, when South and Barrow and Tillotson had left so many discourses from which he could make a wise selection.

☞ May our blonde beauties be looked on as forming a portion of the pale of society?

☞ If a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the sparks should be kept away from her.

☞ A woman may be indifferent to courts, courtiers, and courtesy, but not to courtship.

☞ A poor seamstress finds it hard work to thread her way through life's wilderness.

☞ When the devil rebelled, God didn't swear him and ask him to give bonds.—*Louisville Journal.*

No; but he gave him a *pass beyond the lines to go South.—Nashville Union.*

☞ AFFECTIONATE CREATURES.—Three boa-constrictors were recently landed at the docks, and one of the sailors of the ship which brought them from Africa, says "they are the most affectionate creatures he ever saw—always ready to embrace anybody."

☞ A physician, speaking of the frail constitution of the women of the present day, remarked that we ought to take care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.

☞ Many otherwise civil people neglect answering letters. Now all agree it is very rude not to answer a civil question, and it is not less so to omit answering a letter. Some little indication of the kindness or civility of the writer should be made, out of regard to one's own sense of propriety, for it is rude to omit it.

☞ The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

☞ All recruits who enlist in the old regiments will be discharged when the regiments are mustered out of service. Some regiments have now less than two years to serve.

☞ One who is half-man, half-dog, will bow to the rich and *bow wow* to the poor.

☞ Present your wife with everything she wants, and perhaps she will be quiet *for the present.*

☞ "Please honor me, most charming of ladies, with the gift of that pretty daisy." "Oh, certainly, sir, for you are very lack-a-daisy-cal."

☞ With many people it is as difficult to live within their income as without it.

☞ It is not wise to be governed by the feelings, for they ebb and flow like the waves of the sea.

☞ The gorgeous trappings of the dead are but the outward dressings of the pride of weeping survivors.

☞ A philosopher, on being asked, from whence he received his first lesson in wisdom, he replied, "From the blind, who never take a step until they have felt the ground before them."

☞ "Women," remarked the contemplative man, "are deep as the blue waters of yon bay." "Aye, sir," rejoined the disappointed man, "and as full of craft."

☞ The seat of perfect contentment is not in the heart, but in the head; every individual being thoroughly satisfied with his own proportion of brains.

☞ The human mind is so fond of striking contrasts that when a man is praised for some extremely high quality, the first thought of many people is to ascertain what are his lowest ones.

☞ Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smack in a storm.

☞ It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is easy to know that it has begun.

☞ RICHELIEU—Remember my grand maxims. First, all means to conciliate.—*Joseph.*—Failing these? *Richelieu.*—ALL MEANS TO CRUSH.

BUFFALO, Aug. 23.—It is reported that Wm. L. Yancey has passed through here to Canada, *en route* to Europe, as the bearer of rebel dispatches.

## LATEST NEWS.

### FROM THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

EXPECTED ATTACK BY THE REBELS.

The Army Under Arms all Night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN CAMP, NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA., Aug. 21.—All is quiet in front of our lines this morning. Last evening reports came in of the approach of the enemy in the direction of a ford some two miles above this place, on the Rappahannock. Hall's Maine battery, which did such splendid service at Cedar Mountain, and the 5th New York, were ordered to proceed to that place, with the 88th Pennsylvania and the 3d Maryland regiments, but the enemy did not put in an appearance during the night.

It was thought they would attempt to ford the river at some point close by, at least with their cavalry, but our army being placed in position so as to defend all these points, it is believed their purpose was defeated. The entire army was under arms all night, but most of the soldiers enjoyed a nap during the small hours.

In the skirmishing yesterday, with the cavalry of the enemy, the 1st Maine, Col. Allen, which was in the advance, had three men wounded: one, named R. O'Connell, in the arm, and lost five men, who were cut off and taken prisoners.

The Harris Light Cavalry, which sustained the worst loss, did excellent duty, and deserve the highest praise for their steadiness during the entire engagement. Their loss is not known, but is not large. The pioneer corps of the different divisions are busily engaged during the night in throwing up earthworks and constructing bridges to enable our batteries and their supports to cross the river in case of necessity.

The wagon trains on Tuesday from Culpepper are said to have been from eight to nine miles long, and the generals have said there were enough to supply an army twice as large as that in this department.

During the fighting yesterday, and while the rebel cavalry were about making a charge upon the Harris light cavalry, a party of stragglers numbering some 150, who had got together in the woods unobserved by the enemy, suddenly put in and fired such a volley into their ranks as to send them to the right about in a double quick. The men had no officers to command them. One sergeant was present, but he refusing to take the lead, a private stepped forward to the front, and nobly did he perform the duty which he thus took on himself. The little party continued some hours picking off the rebels as often as they came within range.

Private Griffiths with a sergeant and three men were behind, having been used up on the march, and our cavalry being driven back, they were taken prisoners, their arms, &c., taken from them, and marched toward the rear in a double quick under threats of having their brains blown out. While they were on their way our cavalry made a charge towards them, which caused their captors to make haste to their lines, and Griffiths hid behind a bush where he was fired on by our men for a rebel. He finally reached our lines safely. The others have not been heard from. He says the rebels are miserably clad, their clothes torn and dirty, and the officers as badly as the privates.

The 1st New Jersey are said to have charged into the middle of the enemy, and were surrounded by two regiments of infantry, and one-half are said to have been taken prisoners.

### Miscellaneous.

The property of John Slidell, in New Orleans, has been confiscated by order of Gen. Butler. General Butler has also ordered the arms of all the inhabitants of the city to be delivered to him. The French inhabitants wanted to retain their arms to use in case of a servile insurrection, but General Butler told them they must give up their arms and in case of a servile insurrection the United States government would protect them.

The proprietors and editors of the Harrisburg Patriot and Union, who were arrested on the 6th instant and imprisoned by order of the government, have been released.

Western troops are pouring into Virginia by the way of Harper's Ferry.

On the 22d instant, near Gallatin, Tenn., 800 of our troops, under General Johnson, of Kentucky, were defeated by 1,700 rebel cavalry under Morgan. General Johnson and 800 men were taken prisoners; the remaining 500 escaped to Nashville.

At Bowling Green, Kentucky, on the 21st inst., a company of the Thirty-fourth Indiana regiment was attacked by 500 rebels. Our troops being overpowered, surrendered after an obstinate resistance. Our loss was seven wounded; loss of the enemy, between twenty and thirty killed and wounded.

General Bragg is at Chattanooga, Tenn., and his next move is thought to be on Nashville.

One thousand bales of cotton have been burned by the rebel guerrillas opposite Helena, Ark. The rebels are stated to be 1,300 strong.

Hindman's rebel army is reported to be moving west from Little Rock. The people along his line of march take their negroes and movable property and follow him.

Military orders are being very strictly enforced in Louisville.

The United States gun-boat Penguin is reported to have driven a rebel steamer in the Little Bahamas. It was supposed to be the Ovieto.

A man with $335,000 in rebel notes in his possession was arrested on last Friday night in Indianapolis.

The rebels are making great exertions to obtain possession of Kentucky and Tennessee.

The Secretary of State has written a letter to the British Charge d'Affaires, stating that persons of foreign birth are not liable to draft unless naturalized.

The steamer Ariel, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York, Aug. 24th, with $1 083,000 in treasure. A battle was daily expected between the contending forces in the State of Panama.

A riot took place, on Saturday, among the troops of the Empire Brigade, at East New York, owing, it is said, to the non reception of the promised bounties. The barracks were torn down and one man killed before the disturbance was put down.

The inhabitants of Port Townsend, Washington Territory, are intensely excited in consequence of the removal of the Custom House to Port Angelo, opposite Victoria. In order to arrest the course of the people, it was necessary to threaten to fire on the town from the U. S. war-ship Shubrick.

The Sioux Indians in the vicinity of Minnesota river, Minn., have murdered and killed about 500 whites. It is believed that all the missionaries have been killed. Ex Gov. Sibley, of Minnesota, is marching to the relief of Fort Ridgely. On the 21st over 2,000 Indians were at the fort; all the wooden buildings were set on fire. These outrages are supposed to have been committed on account of inducements held out to the Indian tribes by the secessionists of the state.

## RECONCILIATION.

Do you remember how the sun—the setting sun
—would sadly fall
In a warm gush of tender light, as now, upon the garden wall,
Where peach, and plum, and jargonelle shone luminous in golden hue,
Embosomed deep in fairy cells of latticed leaves? I do—I do!

Do you remember how we turned as the tired sun sank down to rest,
And watched him fling his gorgeous robes about the portals of the West,
Till the cloud-pillars rocked and flashed wild splendors o'er the fields of blue—
And the wide gates of heaven were blocked with disarray? I do—I do!

Do you remember how we stood in silence—our hearts veiled and dim—
As from the hidden choristers rose many-voiced their evening hymn;
And all the air was soft with balm, and all the grass was bathed with dew—
And your sweet eyes were strangely moist, and so were mine? I do—I do!

Do you remember how we passed with arms so fondly interlaced—
Your hand lay thus within my clasp, and thus my right was round your waist?
You kissed me then, and said that naught in the wide world could part us two—
You said so then most earnestly. You recollect? I do—I do!

Do you remember how the months have fled away with rapid wing?
The summer past, and autumn waned, and winter came. 'Tis now the spring—
The blessed spring, so full of hope that olden time seems to renew
When first we met and promised love—you think of it? I do—I do!

Do you remember how you wrote a letter stained with many a tear,
Each word of which shocked through my heart, and changed its joy to wondering fear—
And how you said that I was false, and trifled where I should be true—
And you must take your love from me for evermore? I do—I do!

You meant it then. I stood misjudged. The lying lips that came between
Can lie no more. You know their worth. You read them false. Ah, then, my Queen,
Shall they prevail—those idle tales!—oh think of what we both passed through,
And let the year entomb its grief and shroud its woe? I do—I do!

Let all the past be past indeed. Hark to the evening waves' glad tune
Upon the beach. Through heaven's heights uprises slow the round orbed moon;
So let our life be full of light! I touch your lips as I used to—
You give yourself again, my dear? You seal it thus? I do—I do!

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# MISS SIMMS;

## OR, MY PROPOSAL.

The little girl was too charming to be resisted. In vain I called to my aid all the gravity and soberness that beseemed my age. In vain I held up myself to myself as a person already within the verge of old fogydom. In vain I propounded and solved elaborate arithmetical problems as to the variable proportions which sixteen would assume to forty at advanced stages of life. I know that last sentence is not correctly expressed, but let it pass. Thus stood the case; Charlotte was sixteen and I forty, and I, more than double Lotty's age—almost old enough to be her respectable papa—*I* found myself irretrievably enslaved by that young person, and trotting captive at her chariot-wheels—or, more properly, the wheels of her infantine go-cart. I had nursed Lotty, she had ridden a cock-horse upon my knee. I had kissed her moist lips when kissing was a ceremony performed rather for the sake of politeness to mamma than for any pleasantness in itself. I had made Lotty ill with surreptitious sugar-plums; I had presented her with Christmas-boxes of the most astonishing toys; I had assisted in the instilling of the alphabet into her youthful mind by means of highly-colored pictures, in a painful state of alliteration; I had begged Lotty out of the corner, where she stood obstinate, finger in mouth, and with a general humidity of countenance. I had thought Lotty a dirty child when I saw her paddling with her little fat hands in a puddle, or with traces of lollipops about her innocent mouth. I had execrated Lotty as a nuisance and a bore when she *would* poke her pug nose into my flirtation with Miss Mirables (who married afterwards Lord Methuselah). And at last, it had come to this! We had changed places. I was the child now, and Miss Lotty was mistress over me, and she knew it. She threw me a sugar-plum when she so pleased; she taught me a letter of some sweet sibillating alphabet when she had nothing better to do; she patronized me, and began to take an interest in my temper and morals; she petted me when she lacked amusement, and when she was otherwise engaged gave me to understand in the plainest manner that I was a consummate bore, and an unmitigated nuisance—that I was.

Miss Lotty knew all about it. In vain I tried to treat her as a child. She laughed in my face at the transparent absurdity of the pretence. In vain I affected indifference. She exacted attention, and would not be snubbed. She flirted with small boys for the express purpose of vexing me, and knew that I was vexed, and I knew that she knew it.

In what manner, or at what precise time she left off being a child, and began to be a woman I do not know. She passed out of the nursery by no sensible transition and took to her Missdom quite naturally. Juliet of the house of Capulet, brought out by her provident mother at the age of fourteen, did not assume her new honors with a more perfect coolness.

This, then, was the state of the case. I, who had overlived all my youthful heart-weakness, who prided myself on being safe henceforth from the subtlest fascinations of the female sex, fell into captivity at the hands of a little girl just out of the nursery. Having struggled in vain, I succumbed, and began to think seriously whether sixteen and forty were, after all, such incompatible ages. It was not quite a case of January and May. If I had been sixty, and a lord, there would have been nothing unusual in the notion. If I had been a widower, and possessed of a daughter a little older than Lotty, the match would have been perfectly *en règle*. The difference was on the right side. It was not as bad as if I had married my first love, who was forty when I was sixteen.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

So I ceased to compare myself with the small boys with whom Lotty flirted, I turned a blind eye on the budding obesity of my figure, and began to consider the matter as an accomplished fact.

Miss Lotty had an aunt—a very respectable person—of mature age. Miss Simms was the name of this lady, and Miss Simms and I had always been great friends. She was a gushing person, strongly sympathetic, and given to the study of the minor poets of the last generation. We had often exchanged sympathies, had often discoursed together on the affections after a diluted Platonic manner, and she was accustomed to apply to me for explanations of namby-pamby passages of her favorite poets.

Miss Simms occupied that place in the family which maiden aunts so often fill. To make things generally pleasant, to be a general go-between, the friend of everybody, the deliverer of messages, the arranger of the delicate amenities of social life—such was Miss Simms's mission.

Her age was certainly verging towards fifty. She was well-preserved; had expressive eyes, hair scrupulously neat, but very thin, white, angular hands, a sweet, faint smile, and a purring sort of voice.

I respected Miss Simms immensely, I had a great friendship for her. The idea struck me that I would make her my confidant with regard to Lotty. She was the very person for a confidant. I could not, for the life of me, have broken the subject to papa or mamma. Lotty was a child to them still, and I felt that it would scarcely have seemed more ridiculous to them for me to confess a tender passion for the infant in long clothes than to hint the state of my heart towards Lotty. I had determined to make some move, and the aunt appeared to me the very medium through whom to make it. The familiar friend of Lotty, whom that little maiden confessed all her innocent secrets—the companion and fellow-counsellor of Lotty's parents—this aunt was the confidant I wanted.

But, beyond this, I felt sure that the state of the case had not altogether escaped the sympathetic penetration of Miss Simms. That faint smile of hers, that wistful look in her fine eyes, a playful shake of the head sometimes, the pressure of a kind hand—these signs had not been lost upon me. Often, when my eyes had been following against their will the graceful, buoyant figure of Lotty, recalled, they would meet the eyes of Miss Simms; and as I smiled and half blushed at being thus caught, Miss Simms would smile and half blush likewise. Often, when I had been leaning over Lotty at her book, admiring the downward contour of the soft cheek, or the luxuriance of the glossy hair, lifting my eyes, they would again meet Miss Simms's eye, and Miss Simms would turn her head away with an expression of countenance which spoke volumes. Once, when I was shaking Miss Simms's hand on departure, I could not restrain myself from whispering "Qu'elle est charmante!" Why I spoke in French I cannot tell. Miss Simms's knowledge of that language was imperfect, while Lotty's exceeded my own—so that it could not have been an aside from Lotty. But such French sentences are generally spoken without there being any satisfactory reason why they should not be uttered in English. However, to my exclamation, Miss Simms had rejoined, "Hush!" with an up-raised bony finger, and an arch smile.

In breaking the matter to Lotty's aunt, then, I did not anticipate very much difficulty. She certainly had observed my admiration of her niece; and even had it been otherwise, the ready sympathy of this kind, estimable woman would have interpreted my meaning from a word or look.

I chose my time. I was copying some music for Lotty. Lotty and her mamma were going forth on the business of card-leaving.

As I took them down to the carriage, Lotty said:

"You *will* finish my music!" And she made the prettiest beseeching *moue*, and lifted up her face, just as when a child she had lifted it up to be kissed. "We shall soon be back, and you can stay to dinner. You *must* stay to dinner. The evenings are so dull and stupid, and then you can sing that duet with me. Now, go back and finish the music. You and Aunt Sarah can talk poetry, you know, till I come back."

"Yes, Miss Lotty, I had that very intention of talking poetry with Aunt Sarah—the sweetest poetry in the world—yourself the theme.

Returned to Miss Simms and the music-copying. I made a crotchet—"Miss Simms," I said—then two semiquavers and a rest, then three blank bars—

"Miss Simms," I said, "I hope you will not see anything absurd in what I am about to—to—to lay before you—" *crescendo*, written in neat italics.

"My heart—"

"Dear me," cried Miss Simms.

"My heart, my *dear* Miss Simms, may be of a soft and foolish texture—yes, texture." (I had screwed myself up to the mark, and chose my language with deliberation.) "It may be soft, I say, but, upon my soul, I do not think it is. I think no man, the most insensate, could have seen daily, as I have seen, this sweet girl" (*con molto spirito*) "and have resisted her attractions. It does not lie within the power of human nature to resist them.

I was silent for a few minutes, and steadily continued my copying. I had determined to discuss the subject in the calmest and most reasonable manner. I confess the dots were scarcely circular, and the strokes scarcely straight, but I completed a most prodigious series of running notes *ad libitum* before I recommenced. I dared not look at Miss Simms.

"That there is disparity in age I cannot deny. Some people would call it a great disparity—"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms, with some warmth.

"Yes, my dear madam, I am not surprised at that tone. But I feel that I must bring this into prominence, and consider it judicially. I am not a young man. I cannot hide it from myself, even if I would—I am no longer young. Perhaps I have an appearance of age, a gravity, beyond my actual years. I entreat you not to forget that point—it is a point that we must fully grasp—and I wish to impress it on your mind that I have thoroughly weighed this, and thrown every possible argument into the scale that opposes me. This is but just."

"I think enough has been said on that part the subject," Miss Simms interrupted me. "You lay too much stress on this point and must be laboring, I think, under some strange misconception. After all, what does age matter—a few months more or less. It is the heart, my dear sir, the heart; the sympathy of affections, the reciprocity of idea the congeniality of sentiments—"

"It is like you to say so," I exclaimed. "I appreciate your kindness. We are old friends, Miss Simms—"

"Friends of long standing," Miss Simms agreed, correctively.

"Friends of long standing. I knew that you would understand me. I felt that you were the best person, the only person, to whom I could first break this delicate subject. I knew that you would meet me half-way."

"Oh! do not say that," sighed Lotty's aunt.

"You have seen the truth for some time," I went on. "In your eyes, in your smiles, I have read that you had discovered my secret. Woman's insight, the sympathy of a gentle nature—who can disguise such secrets from these? And now, be frank with me. I come to you in my perplexity. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. My tongue is timid. Help me—advise me!"

"Maidenly propriety!" she said, in a low tone.

"Exactly so. Your good sense and instinctive feeling of what is right prompts these words. I anticipated this. But, my dear Miss Simms, I do not wish to make you a conspirator with me. There shall be no secrets. I ask you to confess none to me. All I ask is that, as a friend, you will tell me whether there is any chance for me. You are everybody's friend—do not deprive me alone of your help.

"Really, I do not know what to say," Miss Simms whispered, in a voice greatly agitated.

I had all along persevered in my music-copying. I knew that I was making the most astounding blunders, but that was of little consequence. If I left off this accompaniment I felt that my voice would break down, too.

"My dear Miss Simms," I went on, "I know that your present hesitation proceeds from the best of motives. Do not think I am flattering you, when I say that to your influence I attribute much of the exquisite purity of your charming niece."

This was not quite true, but I saw that a compliment would be well-timed.

"She is a good child," said Miss Simms.

"I see," I continued, "in your present hesitation, precisely that delicacy of decorum which has guarded so constantly the opening leaves of that sweet flower. Ah! what a delightful occupation! To a heart so sensitive as yours, what a labor of love! To watch the birth of new beauties and virtues from day to day—to tend, to foster—to—to—in short—to find, as it were, your own sensibilities reproduced and springing up—like—like objective personifications under your incubative care." I was pleased with the sentence, and paused in order that the words might take due effect upon her.

"I, too," I went on, "have not been blind to this gradual change, to those unfolding beauties. We are old friends, we have known each other many years. You can forgive—nay, you will sympathize with the warmth of my expressions. This gradual growth of love—what a mystery it is! 'He never loved that loved not at first sight,' says the poet. What a libel upon human nature, worthy of the gross lips that uttered it! True love is always gradual. The first indifference burgeons into liking, flowers into friendship, fruits into love. We know not where indifference ends and love begins. Ah! my dear Miss Simms, &c., &c., &c."

This sort of thing may be continued *ad libitum* through as many pages as my reader pleases. In the heat of my oratory I flung aside my pen, and strode to the fireplace by which Miss Simms was sitting. My oratory must have been moving. Miss Simms was in tears when I next came to a pause.

She lifted her tearful eyes for a moment to mine, as I stood upon the hearth-rug close by her side.

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You *had* discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "And there is hope for me?"

"What can I say? Do not press me."

"I intreat you. Say at least there is not despair."

"No, do not despair," she said. "I do not wish that."

We were silent for a minute or so. Miss Simms spoke first.

"You will speak to my brother!" she said, covering her face with her hand.

"Certainly. That is my intention, if you tell me I may do so. Do you think I may?"

Miss Simms looked at me between the fingers of the hand that covered her face.

"Yes," she said. "I *think* you may."

I deliberated.

"My dear Miss Simms," I said. "I can never sufficiently repay the kindness—the sympathy, the great sympathy—you have shown to me to-day. I am going to take advantage of this sympathy—"

"*Sir!*" cried Miss Simms.

"Yes; gratitude consists mostly in taking advantage of the people who are kind to you. I am going to ask a still greater favor of you. Will you break this matter to your brother? Will you hint my feelings to Lotty?"

"I see no occasion for that! Why to Lotty!"

"Well; I respect your prudence. No doubt you are right. To your brother, then!"

"Had not *you* better do that. It is so very awkward."

"My dear Miss Simms, oblige me in this. I shall be eternally indebted to you."

Miss Simms gave me her angular white hand. She looked up into my face with an expression of most intense sympathy. "I will do anything you tell me, *Henry*," she said—"May I call you Henry?"

"I consider it a most tender mark of your sympathy," I replied. I really thought her calling me by my Christian name, which she had never done before, a touching proof of her kind friendship.

"And now," I said, "I had better go. I am not inclined to see any one in the present state of my feelings. When I next see you, Miss Simms, I hope to be received in this house on another—a closer and more intimate footing. I think we fully understand each other?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Adieu! God bless you!"

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My readers, I have no doubt, see clearly the fix I had got myself into. Will they believe me when I say that I had no notion of it myself! A pre-occupied man assimilates every word that is spoken to the subject of his own pre-occupation. When he enters into tender confidences, he speaks in ambiguously bashful hints, not in that precise language wherewith he would draw up his will. Do you remember the scene between Belise and Clitandre in "Les Femmes Savantes."

Of course she applies the words of Clitandre to herself—what woman would not do so?

I left the house with a feeling of the greatest satisfaction. The first move had been made, and made, I could not but flatter myself, with consummate address, and with a success equal to my highest hopes. This good, kind aunt of Lotty's, I was deeply grateful to her, and determined that I would make her a handsome present on my wedding.

Everything went well.

The next morning I received a letter from Lotty's papa.

"I *can* have no objection, if you have none," he wrote. "I consent gladly to receive your visits at my house on the footing you desire. Come and dine with us at six, and we will talk it over."

Miss Simms, how could I feel sufficiently grateful to you! Every difficulty was cleared at once from my path. I saw now how foolish had been my self-depreciatory doubts on the subject of age. My budding obesity no longer gave me a pang. Did Ophelia find Hamlet the less attractive for his fatness?

And Lotty—what did Lotty think of all this? How would she meet me under these new relations? I painted for myself the most delightful picture. The sweet bashfulness, the maiden coyness, the blushes of the charming face, the beatings of the pure little heart, the downcast eyes, the trembling lips. Ah, me!—away with such remembrances!

I confess I was slightly nervous as I knocked at the Simmses' door. There was a smile on the flunkey's face and an alacrity in his manner as he let me in. I saw he knew all about it. What can we hide from these omniscient flunkeys?

Miss Simms happened to be upon the stairs.

"How can I thank you!" I said, grasping her hand with the warmth of friendship. The flunkey had disappeared.

"Oh, Henry!" Miss Simms gasped.

Her feelings were too much for her. What a good heart this woman had to be so moved by the happiness of others. She clung to my hand, to my arm, to my shoulder, for support. She raised her eyes to mine, her face to mine—her lips; by Jove, I thought for a moment the good creature was going to kiss me. Her attitude was the very attitude of Helena lifting beseeching lips to Bertram. "What would you have?" quoth he. She answers:

Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord—
'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not *kiss*.

But I did gently sunder myself from the weight of Miss Simms without any osculation.

"And how is—is—is *she*?" I said. "She is not unfavorable, I hope, towards my suit?"

"*She* is only too much blessed!" Miss Simms replied, with a smile, in which archness blended with sympathy. "Can you doubt it for a moment?"

At last I managed to reach the drawing-room door. Miss Simms would have me enter without her, for what reason I could not understand, but she professed to be too bashful, and said:

"It would look so odd for us to enter together."

I was certainly very nervous. It cannot be expected that I should now relate accurately all that was said to me, and all that I said in return, when at the time itself I had no very clear notion of that same.

I stammered some sort of vague thanks and gratitude to Lotty's papa; and he said something about congratulating me in return, and then by mutual consent we suffered the conversation to turn on indifferent subjects. Lotty's mamma helped me out of the difficulties of conversation, as only a woman's fluent tongue can.

Lotty was not in the room.

Soon Miss Simms entered; and afterwards Lotty.

The expression of Lotty's face surprised me—and her manner still more. There was an angry flush upon her cheeks, a flashing fire in her eyes, an obstinate firmness about her red lips—very different from the signs I had expected to read upon that fair face. When I shook hands with her she just gave me the tips of her fingers for the fraction of a moment, and pulled them away with a jerk.

"I hope, Lotty," I whispered, "that *you* have no objection to receive me in the new character which I take upon me here for the first time?"

"*Me!*" Lotty said. "Why, oh earth, should *I* have any objection? I wish you joy, I'm sure."

Lotty carried her little nose high in the air, she tossed her head, she gave utterance to a short, sharp laugh, and looked very much as if she were going to cry. Her manner was most perplexing. Who can interpret the signs of a woman's face, or predicate the way in which she will act under any given circumstances?

"Henry," said a mild, purring, sugary voice; "Mr. Jones, I mean—I beg your pardon."

I crossed over to Miss Simms. She motioned to me to take the chair beside her. I sat down. Lotty remained at the window. Her papa and mamma entered into private and engrossing conversation. Miss Simms and I were, to all intents and purposes, alone together.

Dinner was announced.

Even while I was looking round for Lotty, Miss Simms had seized my arm.

I went down the stairs in a hideous dream—that clinging, angular hand was a special nightmare upon me.

My place at the dinner-table was changed. From the time when Lotty used to appear at dessert-time in a clean white frock and blue sash, her place had always been by me. Now, I and Miss Simms were placed together on one side of the table, and Lotty alone on the other side.

I was perplexed and miserable. Some shadow of the truth—not as yet the terrible truth itself—began to fall upon me.

How I got through that dinner I cannot tell. The chief remembrance I have of it, is of the expression of Lotty's face. It was precisely the same look that I had seen on it half-a-dozen years before, when a new doll which I had presented to Lotty had been taken away from her in punishment of some childish peccadillo.

I remember that we had champagne, as upon some gala occasion. Lotty's papa drank Miss Simms's health and my health together in a humorous manner.

I was in a ghastly dream. Whether I knew the truth or did not know it I cannot tell. The dinner was over at length—the wine was put on. The ladies drank their one glass and left us.

As I opened the door for them Miss Simms whispered: "Do not be long."

We filled our glasses with claret.

"My dear fellow," said my host, "this little affair has given me the most entire satisfaction. I had not a suspicion of it. My sister Sarah, though I say it, who shouldn't, is a most estimable person, a capital housewife, good-tempered, and you and she have always got on very well together in your tastes for poetry and so forth. Ages not unsuitable. You are no longer a chicken, my dear fellow, and if she has a year or two the advantage of you, why that is your affair not mine. That is a matter of taste. Of course you know that her little property amounts to a mere nothing. She has lived with us now for a number of years, and, upon my soul, I shall be sorry to lose her. But we must not be selfish in this world. Yes, I am convinced that Sarah will make you an excellent wife."

"Sir!" I gasped, "there is some terrible and fatal mistake!"

"Mistake, sir?" cried my host fiercely; "what do you mean?"

"Your sister is a very respectable person," I stammered; "but I never had the remotest idea of—of—"

"Of what, sir?"

"The remotest idea of asking her to be my wife."

"Jones!" he said, solemnly, "I always took you to be a man of honor. The feelings and affections of a woman are not to be played with in this atrocious manner—"

Everything swam before my eyes, the room turned round—the world was revolving itself again into chaos—the final collapse of all things was at hand.

Like Shylock, flung from the height of my certain hopes to ruin irretrievable and blank despair, I turned sick and faint.

"I pray you give me leave to go from hence. I am not well."

I rushed from the room—from the house.

That same night I took my passage on board an Ostend steamboat, and floated in the darkness down the Thames, an exile from my native land.

Whether I ever shall have the heart to return—whether Lotty could, after such a dreadful mistake, ever be conciliated—whether Miss Simms' damaged affections can ever be repaired—are questions which I at present feel unable to answer. Perhaps, if Lotty should remain unmarried—after an interval of some eight or ten years—I may summon courage to go back, and repeat my proposals in a more definite and explicit manner.

J. A.

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## THE GOLDEN YEAR.

Come, sunny looks, that in my memory throng,
Come! bringing back some happy afternoon;
Come! for your gentle presence is the song
Without which Nature hums a lonely tune.
Oh, light feet, tread the narrow path once more!
Come to my cry, fair forms, and resting near,
On the dear rocks where you have sat before,
A little while renew the golden year.

Come to this spot, whence we so oft have viewed
The gleam of wave, rock-broken, round the bay,
Come or once more wild grasses will intrude,
And clasp their hands across the narrow way;
Come, for the place is fair as land of dream,
And through the rushes winds hum mournfully,
As if just moved in slumber, and the stream
Still struggles through its recesses to the sea.

'Tis vain to call; I once the strain have heard
That lacked no note to make the tune complete,
Once, wakened by the touch of some kind word,
I found a garden fair, with flowers sweet;
Then, plucking fruit from many a drooping bough,
I strayed, untroubled by foreboding doubt;
Once have I passed the golden gate, and now
I see it far back, like a star going out.

The daisies of the golden year are dead,
Its sunsets will not touch the west again,
Its glories are removed, its blessings fled,
And only fully known when sought in vain;
The same sweet voices I shall never hear,
For the fair forms that once my pathway crossed
Are gone with waters of the golden year
That now are mingled in the sea and lost.

—*All the Year Round.*

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## HORRORS OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR IN GERMANY.

If a place lay between two armies, both parties had to be asked for *salva guardia*, and both guards lived by agreement in peaceful intercourse at the expense of their host. But it was seldom that either individuals or communities were so fortunate as to be able to preserve even this unsatisfactory protection; for it was necessary for the army to live. When a troop of soldiers entered a village or country town, they rushed like devils into the houses; wherever the dungheaps were the largest, there the greatest wealth was to be expected. The object of the tortures to which the inhabitants were subjected, was generally to extort from them their hidden property; they were distinguished by special names, as the "Swedish fleece," and the "wheel." The plunderers took the flints from their pistols and forced the peasants' thumbs in their place; they rubbed the soles of their feet with salt, and caused goats to lick them; they tied their hands behind their backs; they passed a bodkin threaded with horsehair through their tongues, and moved it gently up and down; they bound a knotted cord round the forehead, and twisted it together behind with a stick; they bound two fingers together, and rubbed a ramrod up and down till the skin and flesh were burnt to the bone; they forced the victims into the oven, lit the straw behind them, and so they were obliged to creep through the flames. Ragamuffins were everywhere to be found who bargained with the soldiers to betray their own neighbors. And these were not the most horrible torments. Thus did the army misbehave among the people, robbing every house, devastating every field, till they were themselves involved in the general ruin. And the destruction of these thirty years increased progressively. It was the years from 1635 to 1641 which annihilated the last powers of the nation; from that period to the peace a death-like lassitude pervaded the country; it communicated itself to the armies, and one can easily understand that the bitter misery of the soldiers called for some consideration for the citizens and peasants.—*Pictures of Life in Germany.*

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## THE DAYS OF OLD.

I love at eve, when the western sky
Is tinged with purple and gold,
To lay the cares of the present by,
And dream of the days of old.

Beautiful pictures, rich and rare,
Seem linked with the setting sun;
Youthful faces, pure and fair,
Come to me one by one.

My childhood's home, with its lowly roof,
The woodbine running o'er,
The lilac reaching to the eaves,
And the elms before the door.

Fair, bright forms, that I loved of yore,
Are sitting by my side.
I hear their voices, see them smile,
And forget that they have died.

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WHITHER BOUND?—A noble ship is fully freighted with a rich cargo. Her sails are set, the wind is fair; she is sailing swiftly on the broad ocean, everything betokening her onward progress in a prosperous voyage. She is hailed by another vessel—

"Ship ahoy! whither bound?"

"Nowhere."

The question is supposed to be misunderstood, and is repeated. The answer comes—

"Don't know."

"Have you a captain?"

"Yes, but we don't mind his orders."

"Have you a chart, a compass, a chronometer?"

"Yes, but we never use nor look at them."

Young man, outward bound on the ocean of life, how does this compare with your experience, your prospects, your destination as an immortal being?

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☞ Blessed is he who dies in the flower of youth; it is as if he had risen from the midst of a feast before he was intoxicated.

## WRITTEN IN SAND.

By the Author of the "Morals of Mayfair."

I.

The thymy western wind swept warm
Down all the slopes of the silent shore;
The light was fading fast; and my arm
Held the woman whom I adore.

II.

She has a stately Juno-face
Who has promis'd to stoop to be my wife;
A calm, unfait'ring voice, and the grace
That comes with knowledge of life.

III.

And as she look'd on the dark'ning sea,
And as I look'd in her eyes divine,
"You may write on the sand," she said to me,
"The name that will soon be mine."

IV.

The night was warm, and the honey-breath
Of her rich red lips was on my cheek;
But across me there swoon'd the coldness of death,
And my tongue refused to speak.

V.

For full on my heart, with a sudden rush,
There fell the waves of a distant shore;
And before me there rose the delicate blush
Of a cheek that shall blush no more.

VI.

And all the wealth of my present bliss,
The stately Juno-face at my side,
The half-caressant, half-careless kiss
Of her who shall be my bride,—

VII.

Pass'd into darkness—and we stood,
My love and I, by the little bay,
Shelter'd over with lier-wood,
In the dying April day.

VIII.

And as I read her eyes' soft shame,
And as I held her trembling hand,
Slowly I wrote again a name
That was never writ, save in sand!

IX.

"Ah, not for me!" said a childish voice;
"That hope is all too high for me.
I am not worthy to be your choice:
Blot it away, oh, sea!"

X.

And, as the tide rose high, a wave,
Sudden and cold, swept the sweet name over;
And then I remember'd a far-off grave,
And that I had forgot to love her.

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XI.

But still, wherever we walk'd that night,
My bride and I, through the twilight gray,
Written in letters distinct and white,
Two words before me lay.

XII.

And not for thrice her father's land,
And not for thrice the charms of my bride,
Could I have written a name I' the sand,
Save the name of her who died.

## AMERICAN PRACTICE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

"There's a chance for you, doctor!" said Captain Acland very good-naturedly.

The words were spoken on the poop of the *Fair Imogen*, of and from Liverpool, in the harbor of Alatamaha Sound, Georgia, U. S., on a sweltering summer's day. We were standing together beside the wheel, we three, as great a contrast to one another in appearance and manner as is often presented by any trio living. There was the captain, short, bluff, and broad, the very model of a British seaman, with his brick-red cheek, and the frank but keen blue eye, that had seen its way through so much of dirty weather and awkward work. There was Mr. Millett, the rich landowner, who wanted my services, a tall, thin, dignified personage enough, with a handsome and intellectual set of features, rather too finely cut, perhaps, and marred by an irresolute expression about the mouth. There was myself, a young doctor, very poor, and very shabby, but blessed with excellent health and spirits, and a robust constitution. Two words will explain how I came to be surgeon of the *Fair Imogen*, and why it was so good-natured of her commander to speak as he did with reference to Mr. Millett's proposition. I had a real taste for my profession, and had passed my examinations with tolerable credit, but, in an evil hour, I was cajoled into investing what little money I possessed, all that my poor father could leave me, in the purchase of an "eligible practice." The practice was guaranteed, on the solemn assurance of a most venerable and plausible member of our healing art to be worth five hundred a year. It may have been thus profitable to himself; since I afterwards understood that he had traded in it successfully for four or five years, constantly parting with it to novices, and buying it back for an old song, in person or by proxy, when the novices were disgusted; but the venture ruined *me*, and I went out to America, hoping to retrieve my fortunes. As yet I had not found the New World an El Dorado, and I had been thankful when Captain Acland, whose son had been a schoolfellow of mine in Westmoreland, our native county, had engaged my services as surgeon of the brig. The *Fair Imogen* was a vessel of but moderate tonnage, or she could not have got into the anchorage of Alatamaha Sound, and craft of her size seldom carry a doctor. But she was employed in very unhealthy climates, chiefly coasting the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and plying among the West India Islands; and, as salary was easily arranged in my case, the captain and I had soon come to an arrangement. Still, it was good-natured of Captain Acland to be ready to release me from my bargain the moment a brighter prospect seemed to open before me. I did not say much—we Englishmen are awkward in such matters—but my eyes filled as I caught the old seaman's hand and gave it a grateful squeeze.

"Tell you what," said the captain; "the best thing you can do, Mr. Ellis, is to run down below, and pack your traps, jump into this gentleman's canoe, and go ashore with him. It shan't be said that John Acland stood in any chap's light, least of all a schoolmate of his son's; and so God bless you, lad, and if ever you want a free passage home to England, why, the *Fair Imogen* is heartily at your service."

I went on shore. My "traps," as the kind old skipper had called them, were not very weighty: a medicine-chest, two or three instrument cases, a portmanteau, and hat-box, made up the sum of my effects; and the negro boatman grinned rather contemptuously as they handed these modest belongings in and out of the canoe. But I will say for Mr. Millet that his bearing was perfectly polite, and free from patronage, although I was a mere aspirant, with forty dollars for my entire capital, and he one of the richest proprietors in his county. "I take on myself to say, sir, you will not repent of your decision," said my new client in his grave sententious way, as the canoe danced over the little blue waves, and as I waved my straw-hat in return for the farewell wave of good Captain Acland's cap: "you will find, sir, that talent is not unrecognized, nor merit unrewarded, in the South—no, sir. And I venture to affirm, Mr. Ellis, that you will enjoy the peaceful pleasures of a home at Briary Bush, and—"

"Hilloah! whoop! Colonel Millet! I've been riding up the creek-side in hopes I'd happen in upon you. I want to know if you'll trade for right-down useful workers. My overseer says that patch by Hemlock Knoll is clean wore out, and I'm overnigger-ed!" cried a loud and sonorous voice; and looking round, I saw that we were close to the quay, and that a horseman had reined in his strong bay mare close to the weed-incrusted steps. He was a tall young man, with long dark hair, and the air of a provincial rake; his clothes were of good cut and material, and he had lackered boots and a great deal of jewelry, contrasting oddly with a palm-leaf hat and a heavy slashing whip of twisted cowhide.

"You know, Mr. Cook, I leave these matters to my overseer," said Colonel, or Mr. Millett in reply, and with a dryness in his tone which showed anything but pleasure in the conversation, or affection for the person addressed. Mr. Cook, whose dark face was overclouded in a moment, ground out an oath between his teeth, and struck his mare so as to make her plunge and rear.

"Hang it, Jeff Millett, you needn't be so stiff and pokerish with a man," grumbled he in a half-fierce half-disconsolate tone: "our fathers were friends, I reckon, though you never speak to me except in that infernal keep-your distance manner you learned in Europe. If *you* were in trouble, now, I'd behave differently to your way of doing it."

By this time we were on the quay, the luggage handed out, the canoe-men paid, and a cart driven by a negro, as well as two saddle-horses, led by a mounted mulatto groom, was approaching. Mr. Millett shook his head reproachfully. "Yours is a short memory, Mr. Cook," said he; "you have appealed to my old intimacy with your father more than once, and not in vain, as you know. But I am afraid no aid that a neighbor can extend will ever be enough to— However, I have no right to preach—you are old enough to be your own monitor. If you like to dine with us to-morrow—"

"Smart as a snapping turtle! I'm your man," interrupted Cook, with a more gleeful air. "I know my way pretty well to Briary Bush. But I say, Colonel, how's Miss Cary?"

"My daughter is as usual, I thank you," said my host very coldly, and as if annoyed at the familiar mention of his child's name from those lips. "This sultry season has been a trying one to all invalids. Does your mother bear it well?"

Mr. Cook rejoined with amiable frankness, that "he would be scalped if he knew. He hadn't been over to Darien-town these two months;" and we parted. This young man had not inquired who I was, or whether I were bound or not for Mr. Millett's house, but he had eyed me over with undisguised curiosity, not unmixed with scorn; and it struck me that as he nodded in farewell to my companion, he bestowed on me a scowl that indicated anything but approval or sympathy.

We were mounted by this time, Mr. Millett on his favorite chestnut hack, and I on a Virginia-bred brown horse; while the colored groom, who was simply clad in black broadcloth, as republican principles demand, jumped upon his piebald pony. It is taken for granted in America that everybody can ride; first-rate horsemen, except among the Southern land-owners and the prairie settlers, are rare, but most of those who dwell in the country can sit a quiet horse. Either the brown nag from Briary Bush was *not* a quiet horse, or he had been chafed by the delay, for, before I was settled in the saddle he began to caper and curvet, and finally to bolt forward like a cannon-ball ejected from its deadly tube. "Mr. Ellis, hold him tight, sir! pray, sir, do!" cried Mr. Millett in his high shrill voice. I heard his good advice, but like some other good advice, it was easier to give than to take. For a hundred yards or so, I could as easily have checked a railway train as have curbed the rush of the fiery brute. Then, to be sure, I got him in hand, mastered him somehow, and rode back rejoicing.

"Very good, Mr. Ellis," said my—what shall I call him, client? or employer?—"I congratulate you on getting the better of brown Rupert, always a fidgety beast with a strange rider. Thrasybulus, you inattentive cur, this is your fault, for not bringing out the old gray as I bade you." And the master shook his gold-headed whip, half angrily, half playfully at the groom.

"Not my fault, sir, mas'r, not 'Sybulus's fault at all. Dat tupid black chap, de coachman Aaron, he say: 'Ole gray top at home, take physic; too much gallop last Monday, 'Sybulus take Rupert to fesh Britisher.' So you see, Mas'r Colonel—"

"There, that will do," said the master; and we rode on amid the rice-swamps, where the ripe grain was all but ready for the sickle of the mower, where the sun blazed on the pools and runlets of water, making them shine like burnished silver, and where the leaves of the palmettoes drooped, hot and dusty, in the still air. Rice, rice, rice, nothing but rice, until we turned away from the river, away from the lagoons, where the weeds grew rank, and the alligators lay like slimy brown logs, and attracted as little notice, and rode up a well-kept way which skirted a little creek of clear and deep water. The banks were thickly fringed with bushes and wild sugar-cane, and great gaudy flowers peeped out from among the yellowing shrubs. Presently we came to a spot where the hedgeside trees had been "blazed" with an axe, and the raw wood smeared over with blue paint; and my companion turned to me with a grave gentle smile, and bade me "Welcome to Briary Bush estate." A fine estate it was, not running to ruin, weedy and exhausted, and gradually encroached upon by the brushwood and scrub, as so often happens in that semi-tropical climate, but beautifully cultivated, and teeming with sugar, indigo, and tobacco.

After a while we came in sight of the house, a heavy, but very spacious pile, built partly of wood and partly of white stone, much stained and decayed by the damp climate. The mansion, however, was in perfect repair; and with its balconies, its sun-blinds and shade-trees, and the creepers that were trained like fragrant draperies over its cool verandahs, it had an air of comfort and repose. The garden was large, and unusually well kept.

"Let me introduce you," said Mr. Millett, as he ushered me into a large and cool apartment, the floor of which was covered with a delicate kind of white matting: "Mrs. Millett—my daughter, Miss Caroline—Mr. Alfred Ellis."

It was some time before my eyes, fresh from the glare of daylight, could pierce the gloom of that darkened drawing-room sufficiently to make out the faces and figures of the two ladies to whom my name had been mentioned. Then I could distinguish that Mrs. Millett was a very languid, affected-looking person, dressed in the style recommended by the *Follet* of three months ago, and reclining on a sofa, over which a mosquito curtain had been artfully suspended. The daughter was a pale, delicate girl of about sixteen, with a regular, almost Grecian set of features, and was simply attired in plain white muslin, straining her eyes over a book. At her I looked with more interest than at her lady-mother, for it was on *her* account that I was to be domiciled for a while at Briary Bush. Caroline Millett was of a very frail constitution, even judging by an American standard; and had she been an only child, she could not have been more tenderly loved or fondly cared for. There were but two children, indeed, to inherit Mr. Millett's very handsome property, and he had never made any secret of his intention to divide the inheritance equally between Washington, his only son, and his sister Caroline. This was enough to attract a swarm of suitors, more or less actuated by mercenary motives, to Briary Bush; and as, in the South, marriages take place almost as early as in the corresponding latitudes of the Old World, Mr. Millett could easily have found a dozen eligible husbands for his heiress. Caroline was young, however, and her extreme delicacy of health rendered her parents unwilling to part with her. Her father, in especial, was more and more anxious about her as she grew up, like a flower, indeed, but a colorless and drooping one. It was his idea that the poor girl, often ailing, and always feeble, would benefit by the presence of a doctor in the house, and hence he had resolved on engaging the exclusive services of a resident medical adviser. There was no lack of doctors in Georgia; but too many of them were either impudent quacks, the refuse of northern cities, or whiskey-drinking ruffians, who had forgotten the major part of the little lore Philadelphia or Boston had taught them. Mr. Millett had a prejudice in favor of European science and steadiness; and a cure or two which I had the good fortune to perform while the brig lay in harbor, and when my skill, such as it was, was in frequent demand among the settlers on that unhealthy coast, had come to his ears. The large salary he offered was a temptation not easily to be resisted. Captain Acland waived his claims; and thus it was that I became a member of the Briary Bush household.

I found Mrs. Millett a selfish fine lady, a transatlantic copy of the fine ladies she had probably associated with in Paris and Florence. She was polite to me, in a chilly way, but she kept me at an awful distance, never suffering me to forget that *I* was the plebeian young doctor, *she* the leader of a section among the Upper Ten Thousand. Mrs. Millett was not heartless, though, after all, for she respected her husband, loved Caroline, and idolized her son. This son was away—at West Point, indeed, where he was qualifying at the military school for a commission in the army of the United States—but he was very shortly expected home for a brief sojourn.

Caroline was a clever, well-dispositioned girl, with that inordinate love for study which often belongs to those whose lives are not destined to last long in the world. Her large blue eyes had an almost startling look of inquiry; she seldom spoke except to ask a question, and her taste for reading was such as to surprise me, who had not been much used to such patients. In vain did her mother chide, in vain did Mr. Millett remonstrate in his mild way; a book, of one kind or another, was hardly out of Caroline's hand. She was very pale, slight, and fragile; her hands were as white as if they had been modelled in alabaster, and very thin and slender too; her cheek was all but colorless, and there were dark circles round her fine eyes.

She was fair; she looked almost beautiful, now and then, as when I had persuaded her to read me a portion of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, or when she allowed her spirited pony to gallop under the arching boughs of the forest, in one of the rides which she sometimes took with her father and myself. Then, indeed, a flush of healthy color would glow in her wan cheek, and her eyes would shine, and her drooping form dilate into genial promise: she was like one transfigured for the time. I did not commit the folly of falling in love with my patient. To me, Caroline Millett was merely something to be studied, to be saved, to be snatched back from the jaws of the grave, if human skill and care could do it. That her frail thread of life was wearing out day by day, very gradually and certainly, was undoubted; I could see it, small as my experience had been in the ailments of the youthful of her sex. Mr. Millett a most affectionate father, could see it too, and it wrung his heart cruelly at times, as his eyed welt upon her with a yearning and an apprehension in it that he vainly strove to hide. I did what I could, I gave much care and forethought to the case; and there were moments when I thought I—or nature and youth, rather—must prove victorious over the unnatural progress of the decline. I prescribed remedies from the pharmacopœia, not with much reliance that drugs could meet the exigencies of such a case, but because I felt it my duty to leave nothing untried. Meanwhile, exercise, regimen, the cheerful society of persons of her own age, were what I recommended for Caroline, and Mr. Millett, hastened to comply.

The pony was now in continual requisition, and we rode almost every day. There were parties given in pursuance of my advice; Briary Bush opened its doors, again and again, to the notables of the county, and then followed a shoal of invitations in return, so that the round of gayety was continuous. In this I had had a design beyond the ostensible one of amusing the lonely heiress. Little as I knew of women, I had conjectured that a hopeless attachment might be at the root of the mischief. Caroline was very young, certainly, but sixteen in Georgia is often reckoned as a marriageable age; Miss Millett *might* have bestowed her heart on some of whom her parents did not or would not approve, and hence her illness. But in vain did I watch Caroline at every fresh dance or dinner, beset, as she generally was, by numbers of admirers, anxious to win favor with the well-dowried daughter of Colonel Millett. Her eye did not brighten or sink abashed, her cheek did not blush, as the young dandies of the state paid her their interested adoration, and she was evidently so perfectly fancy-free that I was obliged to give up my hypothesis. But if she distinguished none by any preference, she had certainly an aversion to one person, in which I cordially agreed with her: this person was Mr. Cook, the young man whom I had seen on first landing from the brig, and who had dined at Briary Bush on the following day. His dilapidated estate lay within four or five miles of the thriving lands of my entertainer, whose next heir-at-law he would be, although but a distant cousin, should Mr. Millett survive his two children. Louis Cook had received many services, and much good advice, from his kinsman; and he had accepted the former, and spurned the latter, after the habitual custom of spendthrifts. He was, unless report lied, more than a spendthrift, a calculating, unscrupulous gambler and profligate, unfavorably known as the associate of the worst scamps in Savannah and New Orleans. He was now all but ruined, his land exhausted by careless and reckless culture, his best slaves sold away, and his house dropping piecemeal to decay.

The chief hope of Louis Cook was now to marry the rich heiress of his remote cousin, or at least such had been his chief hope till very lately. But the undisguised dislike which Caroline manifested for his person and conversation, had gradually convinced him that his suit would be useless. It was not without some difficulty that this conviction forced itself on the dull, coarse mind of the young man, buckered as it was by self-conceit, but at last he felt it, and it stung him. It was at a party at a neighboring mansion, where Caroline had declined to dance, that she might be free from a half-extorted engagement to waltz with him, that I first saw Cook redden and scowl, and marked the evil look he cast towards her as he turned on his heel. After that, I more than once noted his eye bent upon the unconscious girl, with a stealthy malignity in it that there was no mistaking. But to Mr. and Mrs. Millett he was always civil and deferential; he subdued the outer signs of his bad nature, that his wealthy relative might regard him with approval, and affected extreme gratitude for the obligations under which my host had laid him. The cause of my own dislike to Cook was an innate, instinctive antipathy. He was flippant and overbearing in his manner towards myself, but so were several of the more rough and dissolute planters, proud of their pedigree and their possessions. It was not on this account that I felt repelled from Louis Cook, or that I distrusted him, nor could I have given a satisfactory reason for the impression he produced upon me. When I had been two months at Briary Bush, the young heir and hope of the house, Washington Millett, came home. He had been expected before, but something had delayed the granting of his leave of absence, and now he had passed his final examination at West Point, and had returned to the parental roof to await his commission. This would no doubt be assigned to him in a short time, and would most probably be in the scientific arm of the service, since all agreed that Washington Millett was a most promising cadet, and a credit to West Point. He was a fine gentlemanly lad, very like his sister in features, but much more vigorous and full of healthy life. Still, he was of a slight make and nervous temperament, and I wondered that he had not suffered more than he had done from the lengthened and severe studies which he had gone through. It was on the evening of the day which preceded the young heir's return home, that a somewhat singular circumstance occurred.

I had been taking a stroll through the twilight forest, alone, partly for the sake of collecting moths and other nocturnal insects, which leave their haunts as the shades of night fall upon the woodlands of that southern latitude, when I missed my way. Although not much given to musing, I had somehow fallen into a reverie, and my mind was far away among the green English meadows and leafy English orchards. Suddenly I stopped and started, as the melancholy cry of the "Willy-come-go bird" sounded plaintively from a live oak on my right hand. I looked round me, and saw that I strayed from the path, and that I was in a small clearing which I had never before seen, and where the low mounds that rose like earthen billows above the soil proclaimed it an Indian burial-place. Several great trees must have been cut down, and their very roots burned away by fire, but this was long ago. The tribe that had laid its dead there was gone utterly and forever. No hand had stirred the soil for many a year, and the grass grew thick and long there. Ringing this desolate space was a belt of dark cypresses and swamp myrtles, with the long, gray beards of the Spanish moss drooping in wild luxuriance from every bough. There were some dense thickets, too, where the laurel, the hickory, the pea-vine, and the wild grape-vine grew and interlaced their tough stems and tendrils, and among the branches I caught the gleam of a thousand fairy lamps, those of the fire-fly and fire-beetle. A more dreary spot I never saw; and yet there were people there, talking together in stealthy, cautious tones.

"Hist!" said a voice that jarred unpleasantly on my ear—"hist! didn't you hear something?"

"No," answered a second voice, in harsh but impressive accents, which might have been those of either a woman or a man, but which, once heard, were not easily forgotten. "No; massa fancy him hear. Massa hear him own heart beat, p'raps. Ole Zanna hear nothing, but then Zanna not 'fraid."

"Curse you, you old ebony-colored hag, do you dare to say I am afraid, then?" was the fierce rejoinder, spoken in loud, incautious tones, and I heard the speaker stamp his heavy foot upon the rotten twigs that lay beneath his tread. The old woman laughed, not with any pleasant merriment, but with a shrill, witch-like cachination, that sounded weird and awful in that lonely place.

"Ha! ha!" she said in a slow, chuckling tone, "de fine buckra gentleman must not be angry with poor ole black woman. Zanna larf to think Massa Louis fancy some one here after dark—here, where de slaves sooner cut off 'um hand, and put stump in de fire, than dare to come—here, where de red warrior keep guard over um grave—here, where fetich live in Obi hut, and black man tremble when he think of Burnt Clearing."

"Well, well, aunt; may be you're right; and the place *is* lonesome enough," returned the male speaker, with a slight shudder; "but so much the better for talk like ours. After all, aunt, you're not the wise woman you pretend to be, or why could you not conquer the silly whims of that puling, yellow-haired girl? Had she married me, as the first scheme was, I'd have been content with half the estate, and taken my chance that young Washington would have been polished off by Indians, or fever on the frontiers, to get the rest."

"Zanna can do much, not all," answered the old negress, for although I could catch no glimpse of the speakers, sheltered as they were by the huge bole of a hoary cypress tree, I could have no doubt of the age and color of the latter. "Zana try. Spirit fight, and Zana lose. Young missis hate you, for all you such fine, handsome gentleman, Massa Louis. So best let her die out of way."

I felt my blood run cold. Eavesdropping is not to my taste, but now I would have given the world to hear more; this, however, was not to be. The pair of conspirators, for such they evidently were, moved away from under the cypress, and walked slowly through the thickets, till the sound of their voices died away in indistinct murmuring. My brain was in a whirl. That some dastardly and wicked plot, menacing the life of my patient, Caroline Millett, if not of her brother also, was in progress, I could not doubt. I had recognized the voice of Mr. Cook, albeit it had a new and strange intensity of tone, due to excitement, and besides, the negress had twice called him "Massa Louis." The reasons which should make Louis Cook a ruined and unscrupulous profligate, desirous of the death of those who stood between himself and the inheritance of Briary Bush estate, were plain enough. But I hesitated to believe that this man, reckless as he was, could be a villain of a sufficiently black dye to compass the destruction of two unoffending young persons, in the very bloom of life and promise, for mere lucre. Rather than believe Cook guilty of such atrocious perfidy as this, I began to question whether my senses had not been at fault, or whether my fancy had not quickened my hearing. As I stood musing thus, a quick step was heard approaching, and a tall man sprang out from under the shade of the forest, and crossed the clearing. The broad southern moon was now risen in the cloudless heavens, and under the shadow of the wide-leaved Panama hat he wore, I recognized the dark, striking lineaments of Cook. He was muttering to himself as he hurried on. He could not see me, standing as I did at the foot of the mighty ever-green oak, whose boughs made a canopy overhead; and as he passed, I saw him clench his fist, and heard him growl forth: "Ay, old beldam, trust in me, when I am the heir of Briary Bush—trust in me to reward you as you deserve, if there's virtue in a Colt's rifle and a round bit of lead. You know too much, old witch."

In a moment he was gone, but I heard the dead branches on the ground crack under his tread. It was curious, when I entered the light drawing-room of the mansion an hour later, to find Cook there, talking glibly to Mrs. Millet, while Caroline sat at the piano, playing a sad, sweet little air that was a great favorite of hers. I thought that Cook was ill at ease: his conversation was voluble, but he evidently forced himself to talk and laugh; and he gave me a keen, suspicious glance when I said, in answer to Mr. Millet's inquiry that I had been walking, and had lost my way. I suppose I kept my countenance well, for it was with a sigh of relief that he turned away to converse with the master of the house. The next day I slipped out soon after breakfast, and made my way into the woods, of no great extent, but gloomy and intricate, which belted in the cultivated fields of the plantation. With some trouble I found the spot which the old negress had called "Burnt Clearing." Yes, there it was, with its open space, its grassy mounds, and the heavy cypress grove beyond. In this grove, on a rising knoll which commanded a view of the clearing, I found a small hut, roofed with bark, and of the most neglected appearance. There was nothing about the look of this wretched dwelling to indicate that it was anything more than the occasional abode of a wood-cutter, now shut up and dismantled; but I remembered the words of the old negress, and I could not help connecting this building with the plot of whose fell purport I had now an inkling. I tried the door; it opened freely. For a moment I stood on the threshold irresolute, for I beheld looming through the darkness of an inner recess something like a human form. I was on the point of addressing the supposed occupant of the shanty, when my eyes, now more accustomed to the dim light, perceived that it was a mere effigy on which I looked. I removed a sheet of bark, which served as a shutter to the unglazed window, and beheld a sight which transported me, in fancy, to the mangrove swamps and savage kingdoms of the Guinea coast.

Seated on a kind of throne carved out of the roots of some guarled old tree was a ghastly figure, of man's stature, artfully compounded of feathers, bones, scraps of colored rag, and all those quaint fragments which go to make up a "fetich" among the rudest idolaters of the coast. The grizzly idol's head was represented by a human skull, smeared with fresh blood, that had not yet had time to become wholly dry—blood that, however, was no doubt derived from some newly killed fowls that lay, like a sacrifice, in front of the seat. Around the idol's neck were strips of red cloth, peacocks' feathers, brass buttons, beads, shells, and several barbaric ornaments of brass or pewter, probably brought from Africa on the limbs of long since imported blacks. It was an ugly, absurd thing, and I eyed it with disgust. There rushed upon my mind all the strange stories I had heard of heathen rites carried on in secluded spots among the plantations of the South. I had been assured that many negroes cherished a superstitious belief in the old pagan worship of the ancestral continent, that wherever an Obi man or woman existed, the credulous people were the dupes of the pretended witch or conjurer, and that blacks who were zealous church-goers would steal out under cover of night to be present at hideous ceremonies performed by some crafty barbarian from Africa.

Such an Obi woman I naturally concluded this Zanna, the confederate of Louis Cook, to be. My only wonder was that I had never heard of her before. I had often gone with the master or the overseer among the quarters of the field hands; I had seen and spoken with most of the numerous domestics employed about the house, but I could remember nobody who answered to the description which my fancy painted of the unseen accomplice of Mr. Millett's kinsman. However, I now resolved to pursue my investigation of the contents of the hut. I found several skulls, some of oxen, others of human beings, both children and adults. There were the dried bodies of snakes, too, and a great quantity of herbs, with some pipkins and pitchers, some bottles, and a great caldron. Most of the bottles were empty, but others contained liquids, some thick and muddy, others clear and colorless. I shuddered as I looked at them, remembering as I did the tales of murders done by poison on the coast of Africa, where the life of no one was safe who had an enemy rich enough to bribe the fetichman of the village. Perhaps those decoctions, made from plants that I knew not, had the power of pouring death into the life-blood of those who tasted, and Caroline and her brother were to be cut off thus. And yet, how, I argued, could the Obi woman contrive to drug the food of those who dwelt in a secure mansion, full of servants, and where the stealthiest intruder could not hope to escape detection? Sorely puzzled, and half inclined to consider my vision of the night before as a distempered dream, I went slowly back to the house. Young Washington Millett had just arrived, and I withdrew, not to intrude on the glad meeting between those so near and dear to each other, after long absence. Presently I returned, and made the acquaintance of the young heir, whose frank and genial bearing pleased me much. I could hardly believe that one so happy and gay of mood could really have been marked for destruction by a concealed and cowardly foe.

My proper course in the matter was a problem. I could hardly go to Mr. Millett with a tale so extraordinary and improbable; I could hardly accuse his relative, the man who constantly sat at his table and grasped his hand in friendship, of such black villainy, on the strength of a conversation overheard in a wood between Cook and an unseen person; Mr. Millett was almost sure to class my revelation as either a dream or a wicked and malicious invention. And yet, could I stand by and be a passive spectator of mischief so deliberate and cruel? From this reverie I was awakened by a great noise of laughing, cry-

ing, and vociferation. The household, which almost wholly consisted of negro men and women born and bred under Mr. Millett's roof, had gathered round their young master on his quitting the presence of his parents and sister, and bade fair to tear him to pieces in their eagerness to be recalled to memory.

"Mas'r 'member me—Juba, dat allays carry um gun?" cried one black lad.

"Mas'r Washington, you not know me, sar! Me little Polly dat you gave de sugar-plums to before you go north," exclaimed a sable child, now grown out of knowledge.

"Young master not forgot um old nurse!" said a fat, good-humored creature, fairly bustling as her former charge greeted her with familiar affection.

"Mas'r remember Sophy—de cook! Sophy dat make de puddings and pies, and gumbo soup mas'r likes, and stewed terrapins so bootiful!" cried that important functionary, her sable face glowing with grease and delight.

"I recollect you all. I've often thought of you when I was far away; and I'm right glad to see your honest faces, old and young, my friends," said Washington, very heartily. He was kind to them all, and they all seemed to feel proud and fond of him; and I looked down with amusement and satisfaction from my place at the stair-head, when I suddenly heard the young man inquire for "Aunt Anne." It is usual to call all black matrons by this family title, and already had Washington shaken hands with a dozen aunts among the crowd; but when "Aunt Anne" was mentioned, a sort of chill seemed to fall on the hearers.

"Not dead, is she?" asked Washington.

"No; I see by your faces she is not. Is she as great a favorite with my sister, Miss Caroline, as ever?"

"Iss, Massa Washington," replied the servants; but it was with bated breath and a subdued demeanor. Their eyes no longer rolled in childish glee, their white teeth no longer shone forth in happy smiles; for some reason or other, the name of "Aunt Anne" had made them all as grave as judges. Washington took no notice of this, but nodded gayly, and ran lightly upstairs, and the assembly broke up. I, too, walked away, with fresh food for thought. Who was this Aunt Anne, this strange invisible crone, whose name was like a dash of cold water on the exuberant spirits of her merry thoughtless race? I had never heard of her before, and yet it seemed she was a favorite of Caroline's. She could be no ordinary person, to judge by the awe which she evidently inspired among the colored folks; and I bethought me that it might be by her agency that Zanna, the Obi woman, counted on getting access to Caroline's presence for the furtherance of her fatal designs. Resolved to clear this up, I went to the library, where I found Caroline alone, poring over the contents of a box of new books, fresh from Europe. The unsuspecting girl readily answered my questions. "Who was Aunt Anne? Oh, the dearest old thing. She belonged once to Mr. Cook, papa's cousin, you know, the father of Mr. Louis, and was sold away at his death. She is a sort of housekeeper at Briary Bush, wonderfully clever for a negress. All the other servants are afraid of her, and treat her as if she were a princess. She can do surprising cures, when any of the people are bitten by snakes, or catch ague in the swamps."

"Indeed," said I. "Then she is probably much attached to the family?"

Caroline said: "Yes, she was. So fond and thoughtful. But you'd never believe it, Mr. Ellis; when they first brought her from Africa, she was quite wild and dangerous; at least so I have heard, though now she goes to meeting regularly."

"Ah, she is an African-born black, then," said I, more and more interested. "I have heard that they usually acquire great influence over your creole servants. But there is no slave-trade now with the states."

Caroline said that Aunt Anne had been forty years in America. She was quite an old woman. Her two sons had been mere babies when she was brought from the coast to Savannah slave-mart, and she had not been separated from them—more lucky than many poor creatures. I asked if they were on the estate. "No," said Caroline sadly; "they both turned out very badly. They were not good men, though papa was very indulgent to them. They were forgiven again and again, until they were obliged to be punished. Then one of them ran away, and lived wild in the woods, and was hunted with dogs and shot. Oh dear, it was shocking and sad; but they said he set such a bad example to the field-hands."

"And the other?" persisted I.

The other, Caroline said, had committed many offences, and had been at last "sold south" to a Louisiana planter, and was carried away in chains. "We pitied poor Aunt Anne so, but she never shed a tear, poor thing. She is a very remarkable woman."

"So I should think," said I; "I should like very much to see her."

Caroline laughed, and said she "would introduce me some day." She could not, of course, divine my reasons for coveting the interview I sought with the clever housekeeper. But next morning at the breakfast-table, I found Mrs. Millett pe vish, and Washington and his father sad and serious. I soon learned the cause: Caroline was very ill, and unable to leave her bed. "My dear Mr. Ellis, how pale you look," exclaimed my entertainer, as this sudden announcement blanched my cheek. He little guessed what a ghastly fear had come upon me, as I thought of the conversation I had overheard. I was presently called to the bedside of my patient. She was very pale and weak, and her eyes were dim and sunken, but she was not, as far as I could see, in any immediate danger. The symptoms were those of low fever. Her maid, a comely brown lass, was sobbing in the dressing-room; but the most prominent figure in the room was Aunt Anne, a little withered negress, with snow-white hair, the wrinkled face of a baboon, and eyes as bright and lively as glow-worms in the dark; she was bustling actively, yet noiselessly, to and fro among physic bottles and cordials, here adjusting a pillow, there drawing a curtain, evidently an invaluable nurse in any sick-room. Mrs. Millett spoke to her. She answered. Oh, that harsh, strong voice; however subdued, it was not to be forgotten—the voice of the she-plotter in the cypress grove, the voice of the Obi woman, Zanna's voice. Zanna—Aunt Anne—pshaw! what a dolt I was not to have noticed the similarity before. Yes, there could not be a doubt that the cruel witch, the black murderess, was before me, Caroline's trusted attendant, watchful at Caroline's sick-bed as a snake that waits to strike its prey.

I hastily wrote a prescription, and left the room. I am sure that Mrs. Millett, now fairly aroused by a sense of her child's danger, thought me very rude and negligent. My thoughts seemed, in that emergency, to be clearer than was commonly the case. To go to Mr. Millett, with his timorous reticences and weak but elegant nature, I felt to be useless; I therefore went straight to young Washington Millett, and without circumlocution, told him all I knew and all I feared. He was greatly shocked and startled; his sister's peril distressed him deeply, but he showed a good sense and self-command beyond his years. "I have heard of these Obi wizards before, Mr. Ellis," said he, "though such matters are generally hushed up among the planters. I never expected, I own, to find such treachery under my father's roof. He has been so kind to the blacks; foolishly kind, some think. But that woman's wretched sons were severely dealt with by the Vigilance Committee, who took their chastisement quite out of my father's hands. What do you think she meant by her mysterious allusions to her own efforts to make poor Cary in love with that scoundrel Cook, and the resistance of Cary's spirit?"

"I have heard," answered I dubiously, "that those Obi people can gain great authority over the wills of others, especially of the young and feeble, by whispering in the ear of their victims during sleep—"

Young Millett interrupted me with a stamp and a fierce exclamation.

"By Heaven, Mr. Ellis," he cried, "I could believe that old hag had been beside my pillow last night. What else could have put into my head—mine—the infernal thought—ah! I may confess it to you, Mr. Ellis—the idea of robbing my father?"

"Of robbing your father?" I began to fear the young man's excitement had affected his brain.

Washington went on, more calmly: "Yes; it must have been her counsel, or that of the Fiend in person. Who else could have murmured in my sleeping ear that there were nineteen thousand dollars in the tortoise-shell cabinet in my father's dressing-room? Who else could have told me the drawer in which they were locked, and have urged on me, not only to rob, but to conceal the plunder in a spot minutely indicated?"

"Ah," said I, "what spot?"

"A hollow cypress-tree," answered Washington, "close to a desolate opening in the woods called Burnt Clearing. I have not been there since I was a child, nor did I ever notice the tree designated, but I seem now to have its bearings most forcibly impressed upon my memory."

"Burnt Clearing!" said I, "why, that is the very place where this she devil's hut is built. I have very little doubt that your wild guess is right, and that the wicked old creature has really been trying to coerce your will into committing a crime, of which she would well know how to reap the profit. But listen to me: I have an idea that there is one way, and one only, in which we can save the lamb from the jaguar."

Our consultation was long; but before it ended, Washington was quite of my way of thinking, and had entered, heart and soul, into the plan. We mounted two of the best hacks in the stable, and rode rapidly off to the town, where we had a protracted interview with Major Marsh and Dr. Abel Clashman, two leading members of the permanent Vigilance Committee. We talked long: some difficulties were in our way; but when we parted, the doctor said: "Well, gentlemen, it's ugly; but if it can be kept out of the newspapers, we won't be slack about it. At eleven, sharp!"

"Sharp," said we, and we parted with our new allies.

We rode back as swiftly as possible, and then sallied out on foot together on a secret expedition. We returned after dark, and found that dinner had long been kept waiting for us, that Mrs. Millett was vexed, and Mr. Millett displeased. But we excused ourselves on the plea of a foray against the plump rice-birds, the ortolans of the Southern states, which had led us too far afield. Cook was there, as we expected: indeed, he had been in favor lately; had invited himself to dinner; and had been pressed, with Georgian hospitality, to accept a bed.

At eleven o'clock all members of the household had, ostensibly at least, retired to rest, and all was dark and still. Caroline had been asleep for hours, exhausted and worn out. In her chamber, a feeble light burned, leaving half the room in shadow. The white bed-curtains were closely drawn. A dark figure glided into the room, turning the handle of the door with noiseless care, crossing the floor with the stealthy step of a prowling tigress, and reaching the table where stood the lamp, smiled phials and cups without causing any sound whatever.

The dim light shone upon the wrinkled face, the snow-white hair, the glowing eyes of old Zanna the negress—of "Aunt Anne," the trusted nurse and housekeeper. The old woman's triumphant smile would have shamed a fiend, as she drew a small bottle from her bosom, uncorked one of the phials, and mingled with the medicine it contained a few drops of a colorless fluid. The contents of the phial grew turbid and brown, then slowly resumed the original hue and clearness. The hag shook her fist with a gesture of hate at the bed and its unconscious occupant; she muttered some words, words not to be understood by Christian hearers, for they were couched in the savage tongue of her own pagan home, by the distant Niger. Then the more familiar English rose to her lips, and she murmured vaguely of her sons, of George, shot in the bush; of Moses, sold into hopeless bondage down South; and she came a step or two nearer to the bed, and showed her teeth, still sound and white, in a sneering laugh of spite and scorn.

"Die!" she said in a hissing whisper—"die, white girl—pretty missy, die! die! As she did so, the curtains of the bed rattled back on their rods, and flew open, while a broad blue glare of light, as if a large quantity of spirits of wine had been suddenly kindled, filled the room. But the old woman did not flee; she stood rooted to the ground, her eyeballs starting, her hands outstretched, staring with stupified terror on the bed and on its occupant. Uttering a yell of horror that rang through the house: "The fetich! the fetich!" she fell grovelling, face downwards, on the floor; for there sat the grim idol, its head composed of the gory skull, the ox-hide wrapping its fantastic limbs—there, in all its tawdry finery and hideous foulness, was the frightful thing before which cowering negroes, deep in the forest, had laid the offerings demanded by fraud from fear and superstition. But most impostors deceive themselves as well as others. In this case, the punishment was complete. All the household, half dressed, and bearing lights, came hurrying at the sound of that direful screech, breaking from guilty lips, moved by a guilty, tortured conscience. With the rest came Louis Cook; he started back, pale and confused, as he saw the ghastly image, and Washington and myself lifting from the floor the writhing figure of the witch. Just then, a heavy tramp of booted feet was heard, and several of the Vigilance Committee entered, armed to the teeth.

"You are my prisoner, sir!" said Major Marsh, putting his hand on Cook's shoulder, and the bully and duellist was taken as meekly as a lamb. The old woman was also secured; but no one had the presence of mind to deprive her of the phial of poison, distilled by herself, which was concealed about her person, and she drank of it, and died in convulsions. Before expiring, she confessed her crimes, and their motive, which was partly revenge, partly a desire to buy the freedom of her younger son. Cook refused to confess. The committee were averse to inflict death on a white man on such scanty evidence; but the wretch was forced to sell his property, and was driven with ignominy from the state. He joined Walker's filibusters, and perished miserably in Nicaragua. Caroline recovered, and is married to a gentleman of Virginia; Washington Millett is one of General ———'s staff; and I am a West-end doctor, not overburdened with practice, and very much at the reader's service.

## AN INAPPROPRIATE TRACT.

The following anecdote is related at the hospital in Nashville. A soldier whose legs had been carried away above the knees by a cannon-ball, and who had been long a patient in the hospital, one day, while sitting up in bed, asked the nurse: "When will those tract distributors be around again?" "To-day," said she. "When they come I would like something to read," he added. A colporteur came in the afternoon and made a hasty distribution of tracts, giving one to each bed without stopping to read the titles or to see to the fitness of the selection. The poor fellow who had lost his legs received a little four-page message, and began to read with great eagerness. The nurse, noticing his interest, stole up behind him to see the subject of the tract, when, to her astonishment, she read the following title: "The Evil Effects of Modern Dancing." Repressing her laughter, she said to the man: "That tract is hardly suited to your condition." "Well, madam," he replied, "to tell you the truth, I think my dancing days are about over."

## THE NEW CURRENCY.

The manufacturers of postage currency have begun to deliver the bills to Assistant Treasurer Cisco, in New York, and will continue to deliver them at the rate of $27,000 worth a day. The bills are about a quarter as large as treasury notes, and are of four denominations: five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents respectively.

They are to be issued in sheets of twenty for the fives and tens, and sixteens for the twenty-fives and fifties perforated, like postage stamps, so as to be easily separable. All are formed of five and ten cent stamps, the fives and tens each consisting of a single stamp with a large circle on each side containing the Roman numerals V. or X. in geometrical lathework. The twenty-fives and fifty are made by overlapping five or ten cent stamps.

The groundwork of the fives and twenty-fives is yellow to prevent photographing, which would be easy with the brown stamp alone. The green of the tens and fifties is not readily susceptible of photographing. Of the daily issue 20,000 bills will be fives, 20,000 tens, 32,000 twenty-fives, and 32,000 fifties. Mr. Cisco will at once forward them to Washington, whence they will be distributed among the Assistant Treasurers, under such regulations as the Treasury Department may prescribe. They will be getting into circulation probably before the end of the week. The 1's and 2's, (small notes,) like the larger denominations, are "green backs," and all, down to the five cent notes, bear the endorsement of the Government upon their backs, of either being legal tenders, or redeemable by Government agents and depositories. They bear date August 1st, and the engraving is very complicated, and yet very clear and distinct. In addition to the denominational figures upon the back and in the corners, each note contains the figures 1, 2, 3, arranged under each in a circle in the centre.

The 2's bear a finely executed likeness of Alexander Hamilton, and the 1's that of Secretary Chase; the former the father of the Treasury. Each note has its number printed upon it in conspicuous red figures, the "two" sent us being numbered 402, it being one of the earliest impressions.

☞ A SMALL TOWN.—A place where there are many tongues to talk and but few heads to think. This is Victor Hugo's definition of a small town.

## SOLDIERS CARED FOR.

Out of one thousand soldiers, one hundred and four are sick; this is the constant proportion, as reported by the Sanitary Commission. The autumn always increases the number, by reason of the hot days and cool nights, causing diarrhœas and dysenteries, of every shade and degree. One yard and a half of stout woolen flannel, fourteen inches broad, worn, from August to November, tightly and constantly around the abdomen, in such a way that it will be double in front, with bits of tape strongly sewed on one end, and about one yard from the other, according to the size of the person, for convenience of tying, would do more toward preventing bowel-complaints among our brave and self-denying soldiers, than all known human means besides. This simple device arrested the onset of cholera, in three days, in one of the largest divisions of the Prussian army, when the terrible scourge last visited Europe. Let every family who has a member in the army, forward such an article on the instant of reading this; if you can do no better, send an old worn petticoat, for by reason of its softness and pliability, it is better than anything else. Let every mother who reads this, and who may have no son or other relative bravely battling for the perpetuity of our glorious Union, send one abdominal bandage, to be given to some worthy soldier who has no mother, no sister, no wife, to exercise these kindly cares for him. And let the generous rich, of whom there are so many among us—the Astors, the Aspinwalls, the Minturns, the Stuart Brothers, and those like them—be assured that it is impossible to spend an equal amount of money as efficiently, in any other way. One man who has been in the army twelve months is worth *now* two raw recruits; hence one dollar's worth of good woolen flannel for one of them, or even an old petticoat, by keeping such soldier healthy in the field, will be worth more than the fifty dollars bounty paid for the two recruits, under the present exigencies of the case.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Begin *at once*, and put up in quart tin cans, to be forwarded *at intervals*, (for if sent in large quantities at a time, they will be wasted or two lavishly used,) pickled cucumbers and cabbage. Onions are represented by physiologists to be among the most wholesome and nutritious of all the vegetable products, besides their immediately invigorating and enlivening effects. If a gallon of onions could be sent to each soldier, once a month, in addition to a quart of pickled cucumbers or cabbage, scurvy, already beginning to manifest itself, would be unknown. And if it could be felt how grateful a quart tin can of preserved berries, tomatoes, or fruits, would be to a soldier who does not see such things, preserved or fresh, sometimes for months together, their sisters, and mothers, and cousins, and wives would spare no little pains to prepare a good supply for months to come, and would begin to send them on the instant.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

GENERAL HUNTER'S NEGRO BRIGADE.—Lieutenant Riggs, of the First South Carolina volunteers, in a letter to the New York Tribune, says: The "First Regiment South Carolina volunteers" has not been disbanded. Several companies have been detached from the regiment, and sent, with their white officers, to St. Simons's Island, on the coast of Florida; and those remaining in camp at Drayton's, on Hilton Head Island, were last Saturday, by advice of General Hunter, given permission from the Colonel commanding to return for a short time to their plantation homes and to their families. The majority of the soldiers availed themselves of the privilege, but a few of them preferred to remain in camp. The reason for this is satisfactory to General Hunter. The army in the department is in a state of inactivity, and nothing can be done until the hot and fever season is over, and until the forces there have been multiplied. Under the circumstances, therefore, it was deemed advisable to send them home on a furlough, to be called together again when their services were needed. But nothing has been said about disbanding them, and I have positive knowledge that General Hunter does not propose to do any such thing—not unless the President should issue a peremptory order to that effect.

Another and apparently reliable account says, that the disbanding was owing to the fact that the War Department refused to grant them rations, in accordance with the present policy of Mr. Lincoln against employing negroes as combatants. They had previously subsisted from the produce of rebel plantations and other means unconnected with direct Government supplies. As these became exhausted, the War Department was applied to. Upon its refusal, company after company was discharged, while the residue subsisted by the fast failing process hitherto adopted. At last a complete dissolution took place.

Gen. Hunter would have been personally liable for any rations furnished to an unauthorized regiment. It seems that the War Department would neither accept nor reject the regiment—but maintained an absolute and non-committal silence upon the subject. Wherefore the moment Gen. Hunter heard that the President had refused to accept the services of negro regiments at the North, he disbanded his regiment.

THE NEW LEVIES.—The new levies are moving forward with rapidity. Indiana has sent fourteen thousand within the last four days; Ohio is pushing forward hers as quickly as possible; New York is sending them at the rate of one or two regiments a day, by different routes, to Washington, and Pennsylvania, we know, is doing her duty nobly. The troops, as fast as they arrive at Washington, are sent over the river. Many of them go to the support of Pope's army, but how many the Government very properly keeps to itself. The work of recruiting appears to be going on as fast as the Government could wish—faster than it can clothe and arm the troops in some of the states. The efforts should not relax in the least. The crisis of the rebellion has been reached.

## NEWS ITEMS.

It is reported that a camp of instruction for eighty thousand to one hundred thousand Western troops is to be located near Nashville.

THE NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—The Richmond Examiner, speaking of the election in North Carolina, claims a victory in the election of Vance over Johnson by 30,000 to 40,000 majority, and says no important principles respecting the settlement of the present war, have been decided, the platform of principles of both parties being identical.

THE widow of the late John L. Schoolcraft, of Albany—a niece of Secretary Seward—who recently eloped with Dr Beattie, of Geneva, (a married man) is now living with him in Paris. She took her children with her, and the party are registered at the Paris hotel, where they stop, as "Dr. Beattie and family."

A BROTHER OF MRS. LINCOLN KILLED.—Capt. Alexander A. Todd (a brother of Mrs. Lincoln) was instantly killed in the late battle of Baton Rouge. But the evening before, he wrote to his mother, and just before the accident he was conversing with Lieutenant L. E. Payne, ordnance officer of the brigade, communicating the messages he wished conveyed home in case of his fall.—*Cortes. Grenada (late Memphis) Appeal.*

REPORTER ARRESTED.—Mr. Isham, the Memphis correspondent of The Chicago Times, has been arrested by Gen. Grant, for publications "false in fact and pernicious in tendency." He will be sent to the penitentiary at Alton. It was Mr. Isham who first reported the appearance of ten iron-clad steamers in Mobile harbor, and again reported the confirmation of his first dispatch.

THE PRESIDENT AND GEN. BANKS.—The President is reported as saying:—"I regard Gen. Banks as one of the best men in the army. He gives me no trouble; but, with a large force or small force, he always knows his duty, and does it."

THE RAPIDAN.—A communication in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says that the "Rapidan" is known in history, and in the locality through which it runs, as the "Rapid Ann."

THE other day, in New Haven, Conn., an Irishman, who had been married eight years, and had nine children, thought he deserved exemption, because he could serve his country so much better at home.

A WOMAN near New Bedford, Conn., opposed her husband's proposal to enlist. He enlisted, however, and she yielded, sorrowfully. They shortly after took a walk together. For a long time both kept silent on the subject that was nearest the thoughts of each. Finally the wife spoke:—"I suppose you have made up your mind," said she; "but I want you to understand, that if you ever run, I will never live with you again."

GEN. TURCHIN.—The statement that Gen. Turchin had been acquitted on the charges preferred against him is untrue. The court-martial found him guilty and dismissed him from the service.

THE last soldier of the retiring army passed the Chickahominy at 2 o'clock on Monday night the 18th. There has been no attack upon the rear, no loss of any kind, and this retrograde movement has been a perfect success.

EXPERIMENTS are making in France to run railway trains about five times the usual speed, without throwing them off the track or heating the wheels.

LETTERS have been received by the emigration agent at Washington, from colored men of influence in the North, seconding the President's plan of colonizing free negroes in Central America.

## How to Finish the Canal at Vicksburg.

*A Communication from John Bankord, Esq.*

GENTLEMEN:—The rebels are laughing over the failure of our engineers in the cutting of the canal through the bend at Vicksburg; but if our force had continued their labor a little while longer, the rebels would have "laughed the other side of their mouths," for the canal would have opened the channel of the river as intended.

Having seen just such failures before, and supposing our engineers would be baulked in just such an undertaking, I, early in the war, when General Fremont was placed in command of the Western Department, and when the rebels commenced fortifying those positions, suggested, in a communication to the General, how nearly all the places fortified could be turned or passed, as has been done at No. 11, sending him the charts made from my own survey of the river. I particularly described the geological formation of the Mississippi bottoms, and directed how to avoid the very snag (to use a Mississippi phrase) upon which those having the work in charge struck. I afterwards volunteered my services on the corps employed on this work. Gen. Fremont was removed, and, as there was some trouble in his department, I did not enter the service.

Here is the difficulty, and if those having the superintendence of the cutting will profit by my hints, they can have the old Father of Waters running through the canal in a very few days. Let them cut through that *argillaceous stratum* (which I know they came to, although it has not been so stated), until they come to the substratum of sand, and when the river commences to flow through the cut—never mind how narrow it is, so long as it is in the sand—the super-stratum of clay will give way or cave in, and in a short time will carry the superincumbent alluvium with it. If this is done, no power on earth can stop the river opening the channel across the bend, as intended. Twice I have seen such undertaking foiled by this same cause—at the "Horse Shoe Bend" and at "Barker's Bend." The former was cut through by Captain Shreve in just as our engineers have done. He encountered this argillaceous stratum when he found it hard digging, and he abandoned the undertaking, supposing the river would wash through at the next rise. But he was deceived, as it was some nine or ten years, if I remember right, before the river went through the cut he made. It is now the main channel of the river.

This stratum of clay varies in thickness. In some places I have seen it only a foot through, then, again, in some localities it is not found at all, all being alluvium to the sub-stratum of sand. I should judge the average thickness of the belt be not over four feet. At any rate cut it, and the river goes through. Yours, respectfully,

JOHN BANKARD.

☞ Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to Heaven in a whirlwind, with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with—"Oh, Sammy, wouldn't you have been afraid?" Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied—"No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

☞ Every day that you live you purloin from life; you live at the expense of life itself.

☞ A German prince, when introduced to an Englishman, by way of appropriately commencing the conversation, observed, "It is bad weather to-day." The Englishman shrugged up his shoulders, and replied, "Yes—but it is better than none."

## INDIAN OUTBREAK IN MINNESOTA.

### A RECORD OF HORRORS.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 22.—Reliable information from Fort Ridgeley confirms, without a doubt, all the previous reports of the Indian outbreak.

Mr. Wickoff, the Assistant Superintendent, on his way to the Upper Agencies, met a messenger six miles from Fort Ridgley, on Monday morning, announcing an outbreak at the Lower Sioux Agency, and the murder of all the whites, with a few exceptions.

Captain Marsh set out immediately with forty-five men. At a ferry opposite the Agency they encountered a large body of warriors, who opened fire on them, and after discharging a few volleys, a large body of Indians, who were lying in ambush in their rear, opened upon them, killing a number of the men.

A retreat was attempted by crossing the river. While they were in the river, the Indians killed the Captain, three Sergeants and four Corporals, and but seventeen of the band returned to the fort.

On Monday night the light from burning buildings and grain stacks was seen in all directions. Citizens who had escaped came into the fort during the night, giving accounts of horrors too terrible for the imagination to conceive. Mothers came in in rags and barefooted, telling of how their husbands and children had been slaughtered before their eyes, and of the burning of their homes.

The roads in all directions to New Ulm are lined with the bodies of murdered men, women and children.

J. F. Porter, of Markalo, a member of the last Minnesota Legislature, arrived here last evening for arms. He was one of the Committee sent to New Ulm to learn the truth of the reported murders.

He arrived at New Ulm on Tuesday morning, and found the people prepared to bury five persons who had been massacred. The bodies of other victims were being constantly found in a most horribly mutilated condition. Four persons were found wounded in a room, having had their heads and arms cut with hatchets. A little girl was cut across the face, breast, and side, and a little boy dreadfully cut up. He saw a child with its head cut off, and twenty-seven other bodies mutilated.

The people of New Ulm are drilling, with what arms they can get, and are fully aware of their danger, and determined to defend the town.

Mr. Ulm left New Ulm on Wednesday, and was overtaken by a man who reported that the Indians, two thousand strong, had attacked the town and burned several buildings. Several citizens were seen to fall. The citizens had gathered together and barricaded the streets.

Letters to Governor Ramsey say that hundreds are known to be killed, and it is believed thousands have suffered the same fate. He yesterday ordered the militia, with horses, to the scene.

## OUR IRON-CLAD FLEET.

A summary of the resources of this country in iron-clad vessels, built and building, is as follows:—

2 frigates, afloat.
1 Monitor, afloat.
3 gunboats, afloat (Galena and Naugatuck).
7 gunboats on Western rivers, afloat.
4 gunboats on Western rivers, purchased and mailed.
9 Monitors, building.
1 Monitor, for California, building.
10 gunboats for the protection of Ohio and Indiana.
3 Mississippi gunboats.
1 tremendous ram, to be plated with 6inch iron.
1 gunboat, to be built at the navy yard.
1 gunboat at dry-dock.
1 gunboat at New York (Thirteenth street).
1 gunboat at Boston.
1 gunboat at Greenpoint.
1 gunboat at Philadelphia.
1 vessel supposed to be building secretly by Mr. Ericsson.
2 new Ericsson vessels. Total, 49.

Of these, one building at Philadelphia, two at New York, one at Greenpoint—and possibly others—are to be exclusively iron.

The following is the actual force of our iron fleet afloat at present:—

| Vessels. | Tons. | Officers & Men. | Guns |
|---|---|---|---|
| New Ironsides | 3,500 | (about) 400 | 18 |
| Roanoke | 3,400 | 300 | 8 |
| Naugatuck | 70 | 100 | 2 |
| Monitor (about) | 1,000 | 100 | 8 |
| Galena | 1,000 | 100 | 7 |
| Benton (about) | 800 | 100 | 16 |
| Carondolet (about) | 800 | 100 | 16 |
| Cairo | 800 | 100 | 16 |
| Mound City | 800 | 100 | 16 |
| Cincinnati | 800 | 100 | 16 |
| A. O. Tyler | 800 | 100 | 16 |
| Essex | 800 | 100 | 16 |
| Choctaw | 800 | 100 | 16 |
| Total | 15,870 | 1,800 | 160 |

There may be one or two more of smaller dimensions, but these are the most important. The Roanoke is the only craft among them not manned and ready for immediate service.

The New Ironsides left this city recently for a trip—somewhere.

☞ Mrs. Partington says one is obliged to walk very circumspectively these slippery times.

☞ Upon the ocean iron is king; but whether is the sheets of iron plates or cannon-balls, that's the question.

☞ Father Taylor, the veteran sailor preacher, recently offered the following prayer:—"Oh, Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God, like old Abraham. Save him from those wriggling, intriguing, politic, piercing, slimy, boring keel worms; don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity."

☞ "The banana tree," said Humboldt, "will furnish food for fifty persons upon the same surface which, under wheat, will maintain but two. The potato will maintain three times as many as wheat. The extent of country and varieties of climate which a crop will endure are appreciable elements in the estimate of its value."

☞ As there are certain men who become public disturbers in the name of peace, so are there teetotallers who make more noise upon water than other men upon wine.

☞ A person boasting of being able to sing alto, tenor, or base, Tom Cook turned on his heel and said, "Yes, I know you can sing very high, very low, and very *middling*."

☞ May a Judge who retires from the bench be said to lay down the law?

☞ A furrier wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner, out of old furs which ladies might have at home, appended the following to one of his advertisements: "N. B. Capes, victorines, &c., made up for ladies in fashionable style, out of their own skins!"

## CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. HUGHES And Secretary Seward.

The following correspondence between Francis W. Hughes, Esq., Chairman of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Central Committee, and Secretary Seward, will be read with interest:—

### LETTER OF MR. HUGHES.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF PA., PHILADA., Aug. 11, 1862.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State: Dear Sir:—With some hesitation, I take the liberty of enclosing to you three documents, viz.: The Address of the Democratic State Central Committee of this state; an Address this day issued by myself, as Chairman, and the form of a call for a great mass meeting, about to be held in this city.

Allow me to say that the address of the Committee has been much assailed by leading and influential journals, conducted by those who claim to be your political friends. The denunciation has been so decided as to pronounce it *treasonable*. Whether or not it is treasonable, you can best determine if you read it. It is lengthy and may take up too much of your time, but the address issued by myself, this day, is comparatively short, and as it states positions sufficiently to determine the character of the former, it will relieve you of labor if you will read the latter.

As the address of the Committee as well as that by myself, as Chairman, are both from my own pen, I should bear the greater part of whatever reproach should attach to their publication. Still, allow me to assure you that they contain the sentiments of not less than three hundred thousand of the men of Pennsylvania, and I believe of over one million of men in the central states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. I will add, too, that I believe there is no other million of men in the whole country of more devoted patriotism and loyalty.

I will add, too, that I believe this million of men will, amid political changes, remain patriotic and loyal. If you will read one or both of the enclosed addresses, and if, in connection with the facts I have stated in regard to their supporters, it will stimulate you or serve you in any degree to promote a policy on the part of the Administration of President Lincoln to put down the demon of Abolitionism, my sole object in addressing you this (perhaps presumptuous) note, shall be more than abundantly obtained. At all events, rest assured that I address you with the profound respect due your high personal and official character. F. W. HUGHES.

### RESPONSE OF SECRETARY SEWARD.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, August 19th, 1862.

To F. W. Hughes, Esq., headquarters of the Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Dear Sir:—I have had the honor of receiving your letter of the 14th instant, together with the three papers to which it refers, two of them being appeals written by yourself, and addressed by the Democratic State Central Committee "to the Democrats and all other friends of the Constitution in Pennsylvania," and the other being a call for a mass meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, the objects of which meeting will be "to express a firm purpose to stand by the maintenance of the National Constitution with devotion to the American Union," and, further, "to declare hostility to the policy and measures of all who seek to prostitute the country to the purposes of Abolitionism, and formally to express the intention of the Democratic party to do as it has always hitherto done, namely, to support the Federal Government in the exercise of its Constitutional power, and to defend it, at whatever peril, against the insidious and treasonable teachings of Abolitionists."

You tell me that some influential journals, conducted by political friends of mine, censure one of these papers as treasonable, and that the others are conceived in the same spirit with the one which is so harshly judged. You desire me to read them and weigh them for myself. You further intimate a hope that the perusal of the papers will have the effect of producing exertions on my part to induce the President to favor a policy to put down the demon of Abolitionism.

I have read the documents thus submitted to me, with a high respect for the authority by which they were issued, and with a full confidence in the sincerity of the devotion to the Union which, as their author, you have avowed.

You will allow me to say that this nation is now engaged, not in a political canvass between opposing parties about questions of civil administration, but in a civil war, carried on by opposing armies on an issue of national life or death.

If the revolution prevail there will be no questions of administration left to settle. If it fail there will be time enough to settle all such questions.

I am not to dictate a course for others to pursue in this crisis. But I must say for myself, that neither as a public officer, nor as a citizen, can I know with favor or disfavor, parties among the supporters of the United States, any more than I can make a distinction between factions which unite in aiding the rebellion.

A nation, like an individual, can do only one thing effectually at one time. It cannot wisely turn aside from the chase of the fearful demon of Disunion, to pursue any inferior demon, whether imaginary or real.

I think that the wrangles which occurred among the Crusaders about their respective creeds, when they sat down to the siege of Jerusalem, were just as rational and just as wise as disputes about Abolition would now be in the Army of the Potomac in front of Richmond. What is unwise in the camp at such a moment cannot be wise in the Cabinet or in the assemblies of the people.

I am occupied here either in mediating between different parties and jealous sects, or else in watching and counteracting the intrigues of traitors in Europe. But I sometimes think that if, instead of being charged with these duties, I were at liberty, as you seem to be, to serve the country in my own way, I could make an appeal to Democrats and Republicans, Abolitionists and slaveholders in behalf of our distracted country, that would bring the whole people at once under arms, and send treason reeling back into the den of darkness from whence it sprung. I do not know how this would be, but I do know that if I were in your place I should try. I am, very respectfully,

your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

HOW THEY LIVE.—A letter from one of Wilson's Zouaves at Pensacola says they are sleeping in luxurious spring beds, and upon pillows of the softest down, upon which the fair daughters of Secessia have been wont to close their languid eyes. The Zoo-zoos lounge upon carved sofas, survey themselves through splendid mirrors, and revel in the rich libraries for "books to read." They stroll upon verandahs, and pluck oranges and lemons in gardens scented by magnolias and oleanders. A plenty of stray chickens, geese, ducks, pigs, &c., yet remains, and fresh beef in abundance. Verily, the Zoo zoos are in clover.

THE Harvest in England is said to be a good average yield. In this country it is a very fine one on the whole.

## STATEMENTS FROM A REBEL SOURCE.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*—a "conservative" paper—recently contained the following "special dispatch" from Washington. How said correspondent got his advices from Gen. Lee is not stated. The statements are "important, if true."

*Special Dispatches to the Inquirer.*

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.

We learn from Richmond, through General Lee himself, that *the whole effective force of the rebels when the assault was made upon our right wing at Mechanicsville was but* 72,000. From the first to the eighth of August they received from the South and Southwest thirty-eight thousand new troops, *well clothed and armed*. They now have about one hundred and fifty thousand effectives, but many of them are fresh troops.

Lee considers them better than ours, because there is no compromise! no surrender! each one being impelled by an intense hatred of the whole North that can never be conciliated. Lee entertains no hope of reaching Pennsylvania, but does expect to take Washington. The idea of an invasion of the whole North is still kept up through the army. All their wrath is now vented upon Pope; McClellan seems to no longer occupy their attention. Jeff. Davis boasts that he will carry out his threat upon Pope's officers, and seems buoyant and confident of success. He considers Richmond as safe for them as we do Washington. It has never been evacuated since a commotion there in *April, when it was entirely unprotected.*

General Lee says they have plenty of arms and ammunition, that he has a million pounds of bacon in one warehouse in Richmond, and laughs at the idea of starving them out. He says if we had followed them last March, when they retreated from Manassas, they would have had to surrender or disband, as they were nearly out of ammunition, and had none of any account for the artillery; now they have no difficulty in running the blockade.

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft—that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the Philadelphia Inquirer are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently went down from Baltimore with $2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the "Yankees."

Lee is now the popular General, and confidence in him and Davis is unbounded. Magruder was tried by a court-martial for being drunk at Malvern Hill, and acquitted. He denied having touched liquor that day; he says he has sworn to drink no more until this war is over.

Beauregard is still an invalid at the Springs, and his physician says he will never recover sufficient to take command of an army.—Whiskey, excitement and exposure have brought disease to his vitals that he can never shake off.

The line of works around Richmond are now all heavily mounted with 32-pound guns, and to carry it by assault would cause a loss of thirty thousand to fifty thousand lives.—The guns have been mounted and the works competed and extended since their retreat from Yorktown.

No fears are now entertained of their slaves being interfered with. They say the time has gone by for that; that no proclamation, no act of Congress would strip them of their services, or induce them to fight against them for us. They have on all occasions and in all places announced to them that we intended to take them and sell them to pay the expenses of the war, and that we intend to commit all manner of atrocities upon them. The recent "negro riots" in the North are used to show that the North are no friends of theirs, and that they have nothing to hope for except in the repulse of the Yankees.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM ARKANSAS.—Com. Farragut says in his report:—

As soon as the enemy was repulsed at Baton Rouge Commander Porter, with the gunboats, went up stream after the Ram Arkansas, which was lying about five miles above, apparently afraid to take her share in the conflict.

According to the preconcerted plan, as he came within gun-shot he opened on her, and probably soon disabled some of her machinery or steering apparatus, for she became unmanageable, continuing, however, to fire guns at the Essex.

Commander Porter says he took advantage of her presenting a weak point toward him, and loaded with incendiary shells. After his first discharge of this projectile a gush of fire came out of her side, and from that moment it was discovered that she was on fire, which he continued his exertions to prevent from being extinguished.

They backed her ashore and made a line fast, which soon burnt, and she swung off into the river, where she continued to burn until she blew up with a tremendous explosion, thus ending the career of the last ironclad ram of the Mississippi. There were many persons on the banks of the river witnessing the fight, in which they anticipated a triumph for Secessia; but on the return of the Essex not a soul was to be seen.

I will leave a sufficient force of gunboats here to support the army, and will return tomorrow to New Orleans, and depart immediately for Ship Island with a light heart that I have left no bugbear to torment the communities of the Mississippi in my absence.

The rebel accounts differ from the above in saying that the machinery gave out—that the Essex's balls did not hurt her—and that they themselves fired her.

NEW ORLEANS MATTERS.—Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, has made his report to the Government upon the points in the administration of affairs in New Orleans he some time since went thither to investigate, and the President has approved its conclusion. It is understood that he recommends the return to the Consul of the Netherlands the eight hundred thousand dollars seized by Gen. Butler, in his hands; that the seven hundred and sixteen thousand be returned to the French Consul; also, that a large amount of sugars and other merchandise be relinquished to the Greek, British and other foreign merchants domiciled in New Orleans, as, according to Mr. Johnson, these seizures cannot be justified by civil or military law.

MUZZLING THE REBEL PRESS.—The rebel Gen. Van Dorn has issued a general order, (No. 9) in which occurs the following section:—"The publication of any article in the newspapers in reference to the movements of the troops is prohibited, and if the editor or proprietor of any newspaper published in any of the counties hereinbefore designated shall publish any editorial article, or copy into his paper any article or paragraph calculated to impair confidence in any of the commanding officers whom the President may see fit to place over the troops, such editor or proprietor shall be subject to fine and imprisonment, and the publication of the newspaper shall be thereafter suspended."

## NEWS ITEMS.

JAMES F. ROBINSON has been inaugurated Governor of Kentucky in place of Magoffin. Robinson is said to be a very strong Unionist—which Magoffin was not.

BY a recent act of the New Hampshire Legislature, introduced by Mr. Conn, of Portsmouth, one sewing machine belonging to a debtor, or his family, is exempted from attachment on mesne process, or levy on execution.

IN London there is now an average of one thousand one hundred and fifteen deaths per week, and one thousand seven hundred and fifty births. Of the births nine hundred are boys, and over eight hundred girls.

A PIECE of land was recently sold in London at the rate of £1,900,000 per acre—sufficient to cover it with silver equal to half a dollar in thickness.

THE exports of domestic produce from New York continue on a very large scale; for the last three weeks the aggregate is nearly *twelve million dollars*. Last week the amount was $3 897,657, against $1,587,985 and $1,895,068 in the corresponding weeks of 1860 and 1861.

WOOL is now higher than it has been for forty-four years. This is owing to the large demand for army goods, and to the advanced price of cotton. It will not soon fall so low again as it has been of late years; and we shall be surprised if the flocks upon all our hills are not greatly increased.

BRIGADIER GENERAL STONE RELEASED.—It is announced that Brigadier General Charles P. Stone, who has been long confined in Fort Lafayette, has been released, and is now with his family in New York. The circumstances of his arrest led the public to believe that he was a traitor scarcely less than Arnold. As the government has released him without a trial, it is to be presumed that it is satisfied of his innocence.

IN LITIGATION.—The celebrated Congress Spring at Saratoga is in litigation. The value of the property is alleged in complaint at $400,000. A Mrs. Sheehan, survivor of the heirs of one of the owners, asserts that the papers by which she conveyed her share in the springs property were obtained from her by misrepresentation and fraud. The annual yield of the spring is from $40,000 to $60,000.

A HERO WITHOUT HIS SWORD.—Breckinridge, the hero who undertook to rout General Williams out of Baton Rouge, and got driven out himself, left his sword on the field of battle, and it is now in good Union hands. The loss of his sword probably gave rise to the report that he had lost his right arm, for it is hardly expected that a hero will part with one without the other.

AN important General order of the War Department explains that no person is to be compelled to take the oath of allegiance, that such an act is in law entirely voluntary, and if oaths or paroles are broken, the parties will be dealt with according to law (the penalty is death.) The order also regulates the matter of taking public and private property from enemies or friends for government use, and stringently prohibits pillage in any case.

A NOVEL WALK.—On last Thursday, when 400 orphans, from various Roman Catholic Institutions, in New York, called on Archbishop Hughes, at his residence, Thirty-sixth street, Madison avenue. The Archbishop delivered an address. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the Peter's Pence, the collection of which was made about two years ago, saying that the name of every donor had been sent to Rome, and that the Pope, although he did not have time to read each, had taken a morning walk over the document, which was somewhat over a mile in length.

MAJOR GENERAL H. A. WRIGHT has been appointed to the command of the Department of the Ohio, composed of the states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky east of the Tennessee river, and including Cumberland Gap and the troops operating in its vicinity.

A MATTER OF NO ACCOUNT.—When people are troubled with the infliction commonly known as bile, they generally complain of the painful character thereof. Yet a bile, according to Webster's Unabridged, is only "a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, characterized by a pointed pustular tumor, and suppurating with a central core; a peruncutus." A little thing like *that* ought not to be painful!

A PRAYING REBEL.—The Augusta Chronicle says that some one asked Stonewall's old negro body servant how he came to be so much in the confidence of his master. "Lord, sir," said he, "massa never tells me nuffin; but the way I knows is this—massa says his prayers twice a day, morning and night; but if he gets out of bed two or three times in the night to pray, you see I just commences packing my haversack, for I knows there will be the devil to pay next day."

ON the 18th inst. 160 Union officers, who have long been incarcerated in Southern prisons, arrived at Fortress Monroe. They are from Salisbury, N. C., and other Southern prisons, and came via Richmond. They make bitter complaints of their usage and hard fare.

CLUBBING TO EQUALIZE THE BURDEN OF THE DRAFT.—An association has been formed in New York to equalize among the members thereof the burden of the coming conscription. We give a copy of the articles of agreement. Several of the leading members are exempt from military duty, but, nevertheless, wish to share in its responsibilities:

"We, the undersigned, do mutually covenant and agree that, in case one or more of us be drafted to do military duty in the war now waging, and the person or persons so drafted choose to procure a substitute, we, the undersigned, will share equally the cost of such a substitute. And we further agree, in case the person or persons so drafted choose to go and do said military duty, we, the undersigned, will pay to him or his order the amount of cost for such substitute, dividing said cost equally between us. And we hereby appoint [the names of three persons are here inserted] an Executive Committee, whose duty it shall be to decide what price shall be paid the substitute or persons consenting to serve in the war; to collect and disburse and make assessments, and decide all questions that may arise in executing the provisions of this agreement. This covenant made and signed this 14th day of August, 1862. As witness our hands."

WHOM TO WRITE TO AT WASHINGTON—IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.—As there are many persons who wish to communicate with the different bureaus of the War Department, a memorandum of the proper persons to address may be useful to our readers:

All letters relating to pay of soldiers on furlough or in hospitals should be addressed to Gen. B. F. Larned, Paymaster General.

Applications for back pay and the $100 bounty of deceased soldiers should be addressed to Hon. E. B. French, Second Auditor.

Applications for pay of teamsters, employes of Quartermaster's Department, or for horses killed in service, should be addressed to Hon. R. J. Atkinson, Third Auditor.

Applications relating to pay and bounty in the marine or naval service should be addressed to Hon. Robert Benlan, Fourth Auditor.

Letters concerning soldiers in the army should be addressed to Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas.—*Washington Republican.*

## LETTER FROM SECRETARY SEWARD ON IMMIGRATION.

[*From the Cincinnati Gazette.*]

The following is a reply to a letter written from this city to Secretary Seward. It explains itself:

"DEPARTMENT, OF STATE, WASHINGTON, August 14, 1862.

"*James N. Gamble, Esq., Cincinnati:*

"Sir—I have received your letter, in which you express an apprehension of a deficiency of labor in the country, resulting from our large military operations; and you very properly speak of the desirableness, under present circumstances, of an increase of immigration. You observe, in this connection, that it would be important that persons proposing to emigrate should have some official assurance that they would not be required to perform military service.

"In reply, I have to observe that I, some time ago, instructed our representatives in foreign countries to make known, as well as they conveniently can, the lucrative rewards which the country is now offering to foreign emigrant laborers. I can hardly suppose that there exists, anywhere in the world, the erroneous belief that aliens are liable, here, to military duty. If you think otherwise, there will be no objection to your giving any publication you please to this communication.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"WM. H. SEWARD."

☞ He who makes bread scarcer and dearer to the laborer, commits an offence against the very sacredness of man, persecuting him in the flesh, his blood and his bones.

☞ "Bill," said one apprentice to another, "my boss is a better man to work for than your old man. My boss ain't always round his shop interfering with his own business."

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is dull. There is very little shipping demand, and only 7000 bbls sold at $5 for superfine, $5,37½@5,50 for extras, $5,75@6 for extra family, and $7 for fancy lots including 1000 bbls City Mills extra and extra family on private terms. There is very little Rye Flour coming in; sales at $3,50@3,75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, and without sales; we quote Penna at $3,25, and Brandywine at $3,60 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have materially increased. Sales of 35,000 bus, ranging from $1,25 to 1,32 for damp and prime dry Penna and Western red; $1,34 for lots afloat; $1,33@1,35 for Southern do; $1,35 for common to $1,45 for good new white and $1,50@1,52 for choice Kentucky do. Rye is rather lower. Sales of 2000 bus Penna at 80c; new at 75c, and damaged at 70c. Corn of good quality is in fair request, with further sales of 15,000 bus at 64c for prime, and 60c for inferior and fair quality. White Corn is scarce; a sale at 58c. Oats are less active, and prices of new are 1@2c lower. Sales of 12,000 bus, chiefly new Delaware, at 38@42c, measure, and old Penna at 55@56c. In Barley and Barley Malt nothing doing.

PROVISIONS—There has been more demand for Pork, and prices have advanced. Sales of 100 bbls Western and city packed Mess Pork at $11,50@12. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship's store at $13@15, and country at $15, cash. Bacon—There is a good demand for Hams. Sales at 7½@8¼c, for plain, and 9@10½c for canvassed. Sides are nominal at 5@6c, and Shoulders at 4@4½c, cash and short time. Green Meats—There is but little stock here, and there is little or none coming forward. Sales of 800 tierces Hams, in pickle, at 6¼@6½c. Sides, in dry lots, at 5@5½c, and Shoulders at 3½@4c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls, and tierces at 9¼c, and 400 kegs at 9¼@9½c, cash and 60 days. Butter continues to meet a very limited inquiry, but there is not much coming forward. Sales of 200 pkgs, solid packed at 8½@10½c, and Roll at 10@13c, 200 kegs Western Reserve dairy sold at 14½c. Cheese—Prices are firm at the advance noted last week, and there is a steady inquiry. Sales of New York at 8½@9c. Eggs sell at 8½@9c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market continues nearly bare of supplies, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 300 bales Uplands at 46@50c, cash, for low grade to good middling quality, including 113 bales Porto Cabello at 47½c, cash.

ASHES—There is nothing doing to fix quotations.

BARK comes forward slowly, and the stock here is small, but the demand has fallen off, and prices are 50c ₱ ton lower than at the close of last week. Sales of 60 hhds fine ground No. 1 Quercitron at $32,50, at which figure it is freely offered. Tanners' Bark remains as last quoted, with limited sales.

BEESWAX is scarce, with sales of 200 lbs good yellow at 35@37c ₱ lb cash.

COAL—There is no falling off in the activity noted for some time past. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $4,70@4,80; Prepared do $4,70@4,80; Red Ash do $4,85@4,95; Lehigh Lump do $5; Prepared do $5; by retail do $5,50@5,75; Schuylkill Prepared do, $5,25@5,50.

COFFEE—Sales of 500 bags, including Rio, at 21@21½c, and Laguayra at 23½@24½c, cash.

COPPER remains without change, and the sales of both English Sheathing and Yellow Metal are unimportant.

FEATHERS are unchanged; sales of 4,000 lbs Western at 37 to 40c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is arriving freely. Sales of Apples at 62½c@$1,50 ₱ bbl. For Dried Apples and Peaches prices are nominal. Green Peaches are arriving freely, and sell at 50c@1,25 ₱ basket, as in quality.

HEMP is very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES are dull, and without sales.

HOPS are held firmly, but the demand is limited. Sales of the first sort Eastern and Western at 18@22c ₱ lb.

IRON—There is a very firm feeling in the market for Pig metal, and a steady inquiry. Sales of 800 tons No. 1 Anthracite at $24, 4 months, and No. 3 at $23, 4 months. The last sale of Scotch Pig was at $26 ₱ ton, but there is very little offering. In Bloomas no change.

LEAD—There is very little stock here, and holders are very firm at $7, cash, for Galena, at which figure 800 pigs were disposed of.

LUMBER—There is a fair degree of activity for the season, but without change in prices. The receipts have somewhat fallen off. One cargo southern yellow pine sap boards sold at $14 ₱ M, and 500,000 feet shipping boards at $13@16.

MOLASSES—The market has been very dull during the past week, and the sales unimportant.

PLASTER is steady. Sales of soft at $2,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little Carolina here; 100 bags Rangoon sold at $6,87½ cash.

SEEDS—The receipts of cloverseed are trifling, and it sells in lots at $4,75@5,12½. New Timothy is arriving more freely, and selling at $1,06½@1,75. Flaxseed is worth $1,80@2,05 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are very firm, with a steady inquiry. New England Rum is scarce, and commands 45@47c; Whiskey is held with more firmness, and is in better demand. Sales of 1000 bbls, at 32c for Ohio; 30@31c for Pennsylvania; 29@30c for hhds and 28@29c for Drudge.

SUGAR—There is a firmer feeling in the market. Sales of 800 hhds Cuba at 8¼@8¾c; a small lot of New Orleans at 9¾c, and some Havana at 8c@9¼c, on time.

TALLOW is unchanged. Sales of city rendered at 10¼@10¾c; country at 9½@10c, cash.

WOOL—The sales have been large, reaching 600,000 lbs, at 55@60c for fine, and 65@70c for common and ¼ blood, including 100,000 lbs California on private terms.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1703 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 8 cents ₱ lb. 120 Cows brought from $20 to 36 ₱ head. 7000 Sheep were sold at from $2,50 to 3,50 ₱ head. 320 Hogs brought from $6,00 to 5,75 ₱ cwt. net.


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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A NOVEL AND BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.—On Thursday morning last, in company with a friend, we called at the residence of our fellow-citizen, J. J. Sprenger, Esq., (late U. S. Consul at Venice,) in east Chesnut street, and had the pleasure of examining a novel and beautiful invention, called the aleioscope, designed for the magnifying of photographs to the natural size of the object, and which is a great improvement over the stereoscope. The frame or box is somewhat similar in its general construction to the stereoscope box, but consists of a single lens of large size, and the picture is not required to be duplicated, as is the case with the stereoscope, and which often prevents persons of defective eye-sight from enjoying the scenes thus presented. The aleioscope has not this objection, as any person, whether near-sighted or cross-eyed, can see the picture with the same distinctness as if looking at a scene through a window-pane. The aleioscope is the invention of Signor Ponti, an Italian, and Mr. Sprenger, who saw it in Europe and became acquainted with the inventor, was fully authorized by him to have it patented and introduced into this country. He has accordingly had a model made and forwarded to Washington, with a view to having it patented. It cannot fail, when once introduced to the public, to become a very popular institution.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, LUMAN A. NOYES, M. D., of Massachusetts, to Miss LOUISE R. BOYLE, of this city.

On the 30th of June, 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM MILLS, to Miss MARGARET BAKER, both of this city.

On the 4th of May, by the Rev. W. Kenney, Mr. CHARLES WILLINGMYRE, to Miss MARY E. VAN DUSEN, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH L. TRAVIS, to Miss ELEANOR D. BROOKE, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Castle, Mr. JOHN P. GILLIARD, to Miss MARY Q. LOWE, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. MATTHEW MCBRIDE, to Miss ISABELLA EVANS, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. J. L. Walter, Mr. DAVID J. ALTEMUS, to Miss KATE BECK, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, of Frankford, W. M. MCKEES, to ANNIE L. ADLER, eldest daughter of Geo. S. Adler, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM A. CRANDELL, to Miss LIZZIE M. FARRAN, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, MARY ANNA, wife of Jos. B. Rorer.

On the 19th instant, ARTHUR FOSTER, in his 78th year.

On the 19th instant, JAMES CALDWELL, aged 29 years.

On the 18th instant, TOBIAS MILLER, in his 89th year.

On the 18th instant, GEORGE W. GRAHAM, aged 36 years.

On the 17th instant, CATHARINE CONNER, in her 70th year.

On the 18th instant, ROBERT ROE, in his 79th year.

On the 16th instant, GEORGE W. EDELMAN, Jr. in his 26th year.

On the 18th instant, Mr. CHARLES ATKINSON, in his 55th year.

On the 19th instant, MARY PHIPPS, wife of Aaron A. Hurley, aged 56 years.

On the 16th instant, SAMUEL DAVIS, in his 72d year.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, August 23, 1862.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 50 dis. | Missouri | 3 dis. |
| Canada | 1 par | Nebraska | — |
| Connecticut | 1 dis. | New Brunswick | 10 dis. |
| Delaware | par | New Hampshire | 1 dis. |
| Dist. of Columbia | 1 dis. | New Jersey | par to 1 dis. |
| Florida | — dis. | N. Y. City | 1 dis. |
| Georgia | 50 dis. | New York State | 1 dis. |
| Illinois | 3 dis. | North Carolina | 50 dis. |
| Indiana | 1 to 2 dis. | Nova Scotia | 10 dis. |
| Iowa | 1 dis. | Ohio | 1 dis. |
| Kansas | — | Penna'y'nia par to | 1 dis. |
| Kentucky | 2 dis. | Rhode Island | 1 dis. |
| Louisiana | 40 dis. | South Carolina | 20 dis. |
| Maine | 1 dis. | Tennessee | 50 dis. |
| Maryland | 1 to 1½ dis. | Texas | — |
| Massachusetts | 1 dis. | Vermont | 1 dis. |
| Michigan | 1½ dis. | Virginia | 45 dis. |
| Minnesota | — | Wisconsin | 3 dis. |
| Mississippi | — | | |


Palmer's PATENT LEG & ARM 1859 Late 378 CHESTNUT St. PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

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All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

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ISAAC HALE, Jr. & CO.,
aug3-6t Newburyport, Mass.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal states and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. ap 26-1y

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A BUREAU OF EDUCATIONAL INFORMATION,

For those who seek well qualified teachers;
For teachers who desire positions;
For giving parents information of good Schools;
For selling and renting School properties.

Wanted—Experienced Teachers of
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☞ Circulars, giving details, sent when applied for with stamp.

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596 Broadway, New York.
BRANCH OFFICE—25 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.
aug16 4t

R. DOLLARD,
514 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

| *For Wigs, Inches.* | *Toupees and Scalps, Inches.* |
|---|---|
| No. 1.—The round of the head. | No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald. |
| 2.—From forehead over the head to neck. | 2.—Over forehead as far as required. |
| 3.—From ear to ear over the top. | 3.—Over the crown of the head. |
| 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead. | |

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-cowly

GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS,

Of all flavors, as follows:

CABANAS, at $9 ₱ 100.
LA RITICA, at $6 ₱ 100.
LA HIGUENAS, at $5 ₱ 100.
LA EMPRESSA, at $3 ₱ 100.

COLD, SPARKLING

SODA WATER,

Drawn from a large, Silver Fountain, at 3 cents per glass, at KOLLOCK'S New Drug Store, Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada. dec21-1y

DR. J. R. NEWTON HAS TAKEN ROOMS at 1202 CHESTNUT Street, where he is prepared to see patients daily from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. 1t

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.

RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the diseases one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.

This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 24-tf

EXCELSIOR!

THE ONLY PREPARATION that will instantly produce a splendid brown or black in ten minutes, without injury to the hair or soiling the skin of the face or head, is

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

It has been certified by the first Chemists in America, including Dr. R. CHILTON, to be free from every deleterious substance, and has no equal in the certainty and rapidity of its operation.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. aug16-cow3t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

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A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying 500 times, for 25 cents (in silver); 5 of different powers for $1. Mailed free.

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap19-tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

# Wit and Humor.

## AN INDIGNANT LANDLORD.

A short time ago one of our citizens, who loves his jokes as well as folks generally do, had occasion to visit one of the small towns in the interior, and knowing that he would have considerable walking over muddy roads, he took with him a pair of long rubber boots.

He arrived at his destination about nine o'clock in the evening, and upon inquiry found that the only tavern in the place was half a mile from the station. No conveyance was to be had, and the road was muddy in the extreme. Congratulating himself on having his long boots, he set off, and found the mud in some places so deep that his boots were barely long enough. He reached the hotel at last, looking rather soiled about the feet. After supper he inquired the charge of the lodgings.

"We usually charge," said the landlord, who also had some fun in his composition, "two shillings; but if a man goes to bed with such boots as them on (pointing to his customer's feet) we charge him four shillings."

"A very good idea, I should think," returned the traveller.

After about half an hour's conversation, the landlord showed him to his room, and they parted for the night, mutually pleased with each other.

The next morning our friend arose late, and inquiring for the landlord, learned that he had gone from home to attend to some business. After breakfast he handed eight shillings to the landlord's wife, saying—

"There is four shillings for my supper and breakfast, and four shillings for my lodging."

"Two shillings is all we charge for lodging," said the landlady.

"Yes," returned the stranger, "under ordinary circumstances; but in this case four shillings is not too much."

The stranger departed, and the landlady was deep in conjecture as to what could be the circumstances which required a man to pay double price for his lodging. When her husband returned, he asked—

"Has the man who slept in the front room come down yet?"

"Yes," answered the wife, "and he has gone away. He paid four shillings for his lodging, and said, under the circumstances, it was right."

The landlord rushed up-stairs. His wife followed to learn the meaning of such strange proceedings, and found her husband with the bed-clothes turned down, and her best bed looking more fit to plant potatoes in, than it did for any human being to sleep in.

"You saw that man when he came here last night?"

"Yes."

"You saw his boots, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the landlord, "the scamp slept in 'em!"

A few days after, the traveller, on his return home, put up at the same tavern.

Neither himself nor the landlord said anything about the boots, which were in about the same condition as on the previous occasion; but the landlady looked daggers at him, and eyed his boots with much anxiety. About ten o'clock he said he would retire.

"And, by the way, landlord," he said with a merry twinkling of his eye, "what do you usually charge for lodging?"

"We charge," answered the landlord, with a tremendous emphasis, "two shillings, and we don't allow folks to sleep in bed with their boots on."

"I'm glad to hear it. Show me to my room." And the traveller went to bed.

---

Revolutionary Incidents.—A worthy citizen, standing behind a barricade, during the insurrection of 1848, in Berlin, said to his right-hand file, a tailor—

"Just see how I'll knock that guard-officer over."

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" was the agitated reply; "he owes me three hundred dollars."

As a pendant to this, the Athenæum cites a fact that occurred in Paris after the February revolution. A person whom Sir Robert Peel would probably call a manikin Marat, entered a club, ascended the tribune, and shouted, savagely—

"President, I demand ten thousand heads."

"No, no," a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "I am a hatter."

---

A Hint.—"Why, Pete, you've got back from Dobbs's early; isn't Ruth to hum?" inquired a Yankee girl of her awkward brother, who had been a courting about half an hour before.

"Yaas, she was thar: but I and the old man didn't agree very well, so he gin me a hint on't I left."

"A hint! pray what sort of a hint?"

"Wall, he opened the door and pointed down toward our house, and then kinder raised his right foot as though he was going to kick, and I felt so ashamed of such conduct before Ruth, that I started off without saying another word."

---

Very Poor.—A trifling sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being "a poor young man," &c. "Ya, ya," said the old man, "I knows all apout it; but you ish a little too poor—you has neider money nor character."

---

☞ "Why do you drive such a miserable looking carcase as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a traveller to an Irish car driver. "A heavier coat of flesh? By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

## REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

The army swore terribly in Flanders! said my Uncle Toby, and probably in no case is an army wholly free from this vice. My paternal grandfather was in the army of the Revolution, in rank a captain, and was personally acquainted with the celebrated Polish General, Kosciusko. In a skirmish with the enemy, on one occasion, the General could not make his men obey properly the orders he gave them; whether they would not, or whether they did not understand his broken English does not appear, but he became very angry, and railed and swore at them most terribly in his own tongue, of which they understood not a word, and consequently it made no impression. Seeing this, the General suddenly turned his horse and rode furiously up to my grandfather, saying, "Captain G——, do come and curse them in English!" The old gentleman did not say whether or no he complied with the General's request.

Another incident my grandfather often related, of which he was a witness. It was on an oppressively warm June morning that he, in company with a brother officer of the Continental army, Captain Pope, were journeying on horseback across the state of New Jersey, on their way to Massachusetts, on a furlough, when they were hailed every now and then by the farmers on the way, to inquire for news from the army, telegraphs and railroads not being then in use. They passed a barn on the side of the road in which they saw a man swingling flax. Seeing the travellers he ran out to the bars in front of the barn, calling after them to hear the news. The officers rode up to the bars and communicated whatever of news they had, and then fell into conversation with him about his farm. Everything seemed out of repair, the buildings and fences going to decay, and a fine field of corn on the opposite side of the way was growing apace, but had not been hoed, and was now overtopped by weeds. "Why do you not mend up your fences and your buildings?" they asked. Why, he intended to do it, but had no time. "And why do you not hoe your corn, instead of being here swingling flax on this fine morning?" He answered that he intended to have had his flax "done out" in the winter, but had no time; and now his wife wanted to spin some thread, and for her accommodation he was dressing a little flax. As the man was saying this, leaning over the fence, dripping with perspiration, and with all the clothing which could decently be spared laid aside, Captain Pope, watching his opportunity, drew his riding-whip most severely across the man's back as long as he could reach him, exclaiming, "There, you scoundrel! if I ever catch you again swingling flax in June, when you should be hoeing your corn, I'll take your hide off!" They then put spurs to their horses and rode off, leaving the man swearing and stamping with impotent rage.

## TALKING TO CHILDREN.

The superintendent of a Sunday School was questioning his pupils concerning the addresses made to them during the previous season.

"Children, what did Mr. Phonny tell you this morning?"

No answer was made.

"Can't any one tell me what he said? Susie, can't you remember?"

Susie, a bright little one of seven years, arose, and with one finger in her mouth, bashfully lisped out,

"Pleathe, thir, he talked and he talked, and he thed ath how he loved uth, and he talked—and—and—we all thought he wath a goin' to thay thumthing, but he didn't thay nothing."

This is not quite so unfortunate as the experience of a clergyman in Maine, who was opposed to having any mirth in Sunday School. He thought it injurious to all, and unnecessary for the entertainment of the children. He offered to address the school, and show that they could be well entertained seriously. I am credibly assured that the following dialogue ensued:—

"Children, I am going to tell you about Peter. Who knows who Peter was?"

No answer was made.

"Cannot any one—those large girls—tell me who Peter was?"

Still no reply.

"Can any little boy or girl in the school tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls who Peter was."

Jimmy did as he was bid, and in the shrill voice of childhood repeated—

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her."

At this point he was stopped, but not before the full point was taken by the school, and Mother Goose's poem appreciated.

---

Ingenious Spelling.—The Postmaster of Paris, Ill., says he has kept, as a matter of curiosity, a memorandum of the different ways of spelling the name of that office upon letters received there within a few months past, with the following result:—

Parris, Parus, Paris, Pairis, Pearis, Parros, Pawris, Pairass, Pearice, Pearus, Pairys, Pairus, Paros, Payrus, Pearass, Payris, Parisa, Paras, Paross, Parrase, Pearace, Parice, Pairrice.—*U. S. Mail.*

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☞ I have known a good old man—says Bernard—who, when he heard of any one that had committed some notorious offence, was wont to say within himself, "He fell to-day, so I may to-morrow."

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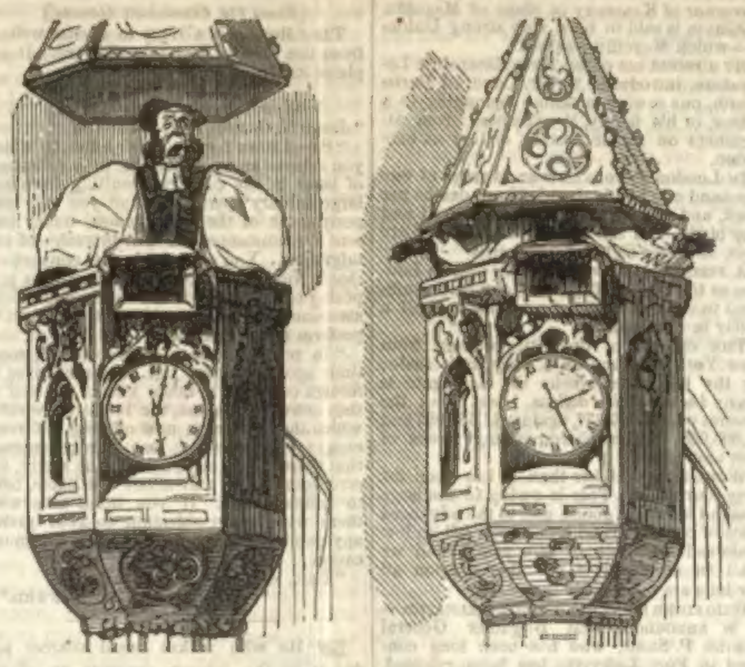
☞ The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in white muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops.



## THE PATENT PULPIT.

The question of over-long sermons has been considerably agitated in England of late—whereupon a correspondent of the *London Punch* calls attention to a Patent Pulpit, with an "extinguisher," arranged as he supposes to fall gradually by means of machinery, which he says is now being exhibited at the great Exhibition.

---

Repentance.—A good housekeeper will repair his house while the weather is fair, not put it off till winter; a careful pilot will take advantage of the wind and tide, and so put out to sea, not wait till a storm arise. The traveller will take his time on a journey, and mend his pace when night comes on, lest darkness overtake him; the smith will strike while the iron is hot, lest it grow cool, and so he lose his labor; so we ought to make every day the day of repentance; to make use of the present time, so that when we come to die we have nothing to do but to die, for there will be a time when the door will be shut, when the soul becomes conscious that there will be no entrance at all.

---

☞ "Annie," asked an ardent swain of a pretty girl, "do you love your mother?" "Oh, indeed I do!" was the answer. "Well, then, will you give me a kiss for her sake?" the lover asked. "No, John, I can't do that; but you may kiss me for your mother's sake." And the young man did.

# Agricultural.

## WHEN TO CUT BUSHES.

We have no doubt but that late in summer, when the growth of the season is just ended, and the plant has expended all its energies in growing, and is just falling into that rest so essential to vegetable maturity, is an excellent time to behead these plagues of the farm. But we have tried another season, when the labors of the year were not quite so pressing as is usual in summer or early autumn, and have found it so successful in our case that we hold it worthy of commendation to others.

Many years ago there was a dense patch of willows on a swampy spot at one end of the meadow. They covered about half an acre, and were so thick that any animal, biped or quadruped, would find it difficult to pass through the thicket. It was waste land, good for nothing unless it were for wasps and hornets to occupy in rearing their young, or for the bob-o-link to pour out his noisy clatter. More than this, it was a grievous eyesore, that closely embodied phalanx of willows in full view of the highway, and the first object that greeted the eye in one direction from the windows.

It was in our school-boy days, and it so happened, as was then customary in New England, our school adjourned over from Wednesday night before Thanksgiving until the following Monday, to give the teacher time to go home and visit all his cousins and neighbors, the big boys to skate and attend turkey shoots, and every one to enjoy themselves in the ways best suited to their fancy.

Cold weather had set in in earnest. The ponds were all frozen over, and the streams flowed noiselessly along under their icy blankets—dark clouds chased each other across the horizon, occasionally spitting snow as from very spite, and the hoarse north wind piped in doleful notes the birth of the season of storms and snow-drifts, of sleigh rides and singing schools. Of course, our old enemies, the willows, were firmly lodged in winter quarters. At least Jack Frost had one of them firmly secured in his unflinching, relentless vice. Taking that fact into consideration, in connection with the other more important one that we had two whole days all our own, to do what we pleased, with the proviso that we must not be pleased in doing any sort of mischief, we resolved to open speedy hostilities on our old, hateful enemies, the willows, and accordingly, with a sharp axe in hand, we commenced our warfare, cutting them off smoothly and rapidly just below the surface. Our progress in the business was very good in these two cold days. The improved look of the meadow was an ample compensation. We have no doubt we made better progress in our studies that winter for the triumphs of this two days' labor. But this was but the beginning of the end in this business. The removal of the willows revealed old logs and stumps; and there must be drains cut to take off the water that had fed the willows. So it was concluded to fence off that end of the meadow for pasturing while this operation was going on.

The result was this: The bushes were cut so low that the first thaw covered their stumps with water, which froze firmly over them. Whether they drank too much in this drowning process, we shall not presume to say. This we know, however, that the subsequent growth was a very feeble one, and the browsing of the animals pastured there completed the work of destruction so effectually that on restoring the old swamp to the meadow it was destitute of willows as the desert of Sahara.

We have another piece of swamp, on which much earth had been carried by artificial means, and which in 1859 had become a tangled mass of willows and alders. In January of 1860 we cleared off a portion of this swamp by cutting the crop in the same way as before, just below the surface, when the ground was frozen. Two seasons of growth have passed since then, and the new sprouts make but a very feeble show. Another cutting, which can be effected in a very short time, would probably eradicate the bushes entirely.

Now, we do not claim that we have taken the best time to cut our bushes. We state when we did, how we did it, and the result, leaving it for the intelligent agricultural world to draw their own inferences. We think, however, that in winter, if frost favors the object, and there is no snow to obstruct, it is the best time for us, for then it will not interfere with the ordinary duties of farming, and labor is cheaper. Then the bushes being firmly frozen in, every blow of the axe will tell, and there is no mud to annoy the operator. We have some belief that the freezing and thawing over the stumps, and the water that settles over them in spring, has something to do with drowning out these mischievous aquatic shrubs.—*William Bacon, in Country Gentleman and Cultivator.*

## WHAT ARE TREES MADE OF?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of branches or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows. The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with the rain-water. The willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth from being mixed with fresh earth, being blown upon it by winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting across the earth below it. After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and on being weighed was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree.

Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put in the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only two ounces less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree has gained *one hundred and sixty-four pounds.* Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in the space of time was *not* obtained from the earth; we are therefore obliged to repeat our question, Where does the wood come from? We are left with only two alternatives, the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are consequently unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion—it was derived from the *air.*

Can it be? Were those great ocean spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast and solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were all these obtained from the thin air? Were the particles which unite to form our battle-ships, Old England's walls of wood, ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air, but air themselves? Was the firm table on which I rest, the solid floor on which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, and grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this is air.—*English Paper.*

## PRESERVING GREEN INDIAN CORN.

Many attempts to preserve Indian corn in a green state have failed. Persons who have had the good fortune to taste the article, when well preserved, out of season, know that it is one of the greatest luxuries the country affords. The Scientific American says that a patent was granted, on the 8th of April last, to Isaac Winslow, of Philadelphia, for a method of preparing green corn so as to preserve its natural flavor. The following extract is from the specification:

After a great variety of experiments I have overcome the difficulty of preserving Indian corn in the green state without drying the same, thus retaining the milk and juices and the full flavor of fresh green corn until the latter is desired for use. Instead of a hard, insipid, or otherwise unpalatable article, I have finally succeeded in producing one entirely satisfactory.

I recommend the following method: Select a superior quality of sweet corn in the green state, and remove the grains from the cob by means of a curved and gaged knife, or other suitable means; then pack these grains in cans, and hermetically seal the latter so as to prevent evaporation under heat, or the escape of the aroma of the corn. Now expose these cans of corn to steam, or boiling heat, for about one hour and a half, then puncture the cans and immediately seal the same while hot, and continue the heat for about two hours and a half longer. Afterwards the cans may be slowly cooled in a room at the temperature of 70 deg. to 100 deg. Fah.

Indian corn thus packed and treated may be warranted to keep in any climate. Being preserved in its natural state, as near as possible, it retains the peculiar sweetness and flavor of corn right from the growing field. It is only necessary to heat this preserved corn, and season the same, in order to prepare it for the table, as it is fully cooked in the process of preserving.

# Useful Receipts.

To Stop Bleeding on Man or Beast.—Asa Kemper, Ross county, Ohio, writes to the American Agriculturist that bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left four hours, or even days, if necessary. In this manner he saved the life of a horse which was bleeding from a wounded artery; the bleeding ceased in five minutes after the application. It was left on three days, when it worked loose, and was easily removed from the wound which very soon healed.

Whitewash that Will Not Rub Off.—Mix up half a pailful of lime and water ready for whitewashing; take a half-pint of flour, and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot; stir it well, and it is ready for use. This will not rub off.

To Remove Rust from Knives, Etc.—Cover the knives, etc., with sweet oil, and rub it on well; after two days take a lump of fresh or quick lime, and rub till all the rust disappears. The oil and lime forms a sort of soap, which carries off all the rust. If new steel articles are rubbed well with oil, and not polished off until twenty-four hours after, they do not rust nearly so soon.

Pomatum for Growth of the Hair.—This pomatum, applied to the scalp, acts as a stimulant to the roots of the hair, and as a nourisher to the hair itself, by stimulating the capillary vessels. In the immediate neighborhood of hair-bulb, the blood particles are more numerous and active. The ammonia, containing as it does nitrogen, one of the principal constituents of hair, horn and nail, affords one of its direct elements of formation, and hence its value as a nourisher. It is utterly impossible for the animal economy to create hair out of any oil, because oil is destitute of nitrogen, but if grease be combined with ammonia, which yields nitrogen, then great benefit will be derived from the pomade so made. All pomades and oils that are used for the hair only act as a polish, but afford no nourishment. The following is a simple form for making the ammoniacal pomatum: Take almond oil, a quarter of a pound; white wax, half an ounce; clarified lard, three ounces; liquid ammonia, a quarter fluid ounce; otto lavender and cloves, of each one drachm. Place the oil, wax, and lard into a jar, which set into boiling water; when the wax is melted, allow the grease to cool till nearly ready to set, then stir in the ammonia and the perfume, and put into small jars for use. Never use a hard brush, nor comb the hair too much; apply the pomade at night only.—*Septimus Piesse.*

Blackberry Cordial.—To one quart of blackberry juice, add one pound of white sugar, one tablespoonful of cloves, one of allspice, one of cinnamon, and one of nutmeg. Boil all together fifteen minutes—add a wineglass of whiskey, brandy or rum. Bottle while hot, cork tight and seal. This is almost a specific in diarrhœa. One dose is a wineglassful for an adult—half that quantity for a child—will often cure diarrhœa. It can be taken three or four times a day if the case is severe.

Blackberry Wine.—To make a wine equal in value to port, take ripe blackberries, press the juice from them, let it stand 36 hours to ferment (lightly covered) and skim off whatever rises to the top; then, to every gallon of the juice add one quart of water and 3 pounds of sugar (brown will do), let it stand in an open vessel for 24 hours; skim and strain it, then barrel it. Let it stand 8 or 9 months, when it should be racked off, and bottled, and corked close. It improves by age.

# The Riddler.

### MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 4, 28, 33, 31, 12, 19, was an oracle of Jupiter.
My 7, 18, 7, 25, 30, was a god condemned to be punished in the infernal regions.
My 29, 25, 16, 14, an herb mentioned in mythology.
My 21, 7, 13, 15, 17, was a name given to the furies by the Greeks.
My 26, 31, 18, was a god that fled at the approach of 15, 26, 2, 31, 23, 19.
My 13, 27, 11, 19, was the wife of Saturn.
My 15, 23, 2, 31, 23, 19, was one of the domestic divinities mentioned in mythology.
My 7, 31, 16, 3, was a wife of Hercules.
My 29, 11, 4, 17, 15, was the wife of Jason.
My 19, 2, 7, 15, 4, 26, 17, was daughter of Minos, King of Crete.
My 4, 7, 31, 30, 3, 21, was King of Etolia.
My 3, 3, 27, 31, was daughter of Air and Earth.
My 1, 6, 23, 15, was daughter of Niordor.
My 8, 10, 7, 6, 25, 12, was the name of a Centaur.
My 34, 10, 25, 6, was the son of 1, 6, 29, 15.
My 24, 26, 33, 8, 19, 26, was a celebrated god.
My 12, 7, 25, 30, 5, was a celebrated goddess.
My 9, 25, 3, 18, was the bed upon which one of the goddesses of the Goths languished.

My whole is the name of a celebrated philosopher.

J. W. HALL.

*Williamsport, Pa.*

### RIDDLE.

Corresponde nts, an adverb by you must be found,
Head it first with a B, it will then become round;
If you head it with a C it becomes an address;
With an F it is then in greatest distress;
With a G, and that instant a nut 'twill become;
With an H, and 'twill change to a very large room;
With an M, and you'll find it a hammer instead;
With a P, 'tis a covering used for the dead;
With a T, I am lofty there's not the least doubt;
With a W head, and I keep people out—
I mean such as robbers, who come for to steal.
Now I trust this enigma you'll try to reveal.

### ANAGRAMS.

| | |
|---|---|
| There we ate. | Got as a clue. |
| Partial men. | I hire parsons. |
| Golden Land. | Mind his map. |
| Tim in a pet. | Great helps |
| No more stars. | Into my arm. |
| Nay I repent. | Made moral. |
| Neat leg. | |

### SURVEYOR'S QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain father had a tract of land which lay in the shape of a trapezium: From the first to the second corner was 440 perches; from the second to the third corner 572 perches; from the third to the fourth corner 660 perches; and from the fourth to the first corner, or place of beginning, was 792 perches; while the diagonal from the first to the third corner across the tract was 968 perches. This tract he divided to his three sons, John, Francis, and Amos: giving each a part thereof in the shape of a trapezium. To lay off John's piece, he commenced at the second corner of the old tract and ran a straight line *towards* the fourth corner until he had the third corner, in respect to this new line, at a right angle with him. Here he found a large hickory-tree standing, which he marked as a corner for all of his three sons; and from here (the hickory) he struck out to the line between the fourth and first corners of the original tract, meeting said line at a right angle. (This closed John's piece.) He then went back to the hickory, and from it he struck a line out to the old line between the third and fourth corners of the original tract; meeting said old line in such place and manner that thereby the remainder of the original tract was divided by this new line in two unequal shares, so that Francis's piece, which contained the fourth corner of the original tract, contained 5 acres more than Amos's piece; who received the piece containing the third corner of the original tract. Now the questions arising out of these different dividings are: What are the length of the three new dividing lines? and the area of land contained in each son's portion?

DANIEL DIEFFENBACH.

*Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A dog saw a hare 240 rods due south of him, which started and ran due west at the rate of 20 rods per minute. When the hare had run 180 rods, the dog started in pursuit and ran continually towards the hare at the rate of 30 rods per minute. Required—the curve described by the dog, and the distance each will have run when the dog catches the hare?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of the squares of two certain numbers is 818, while the difference of the two numbers is only 6. What are the two numbers?

D. D.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a spendthrift, just admitted home late at night, after the doors have been once locked, like the victim of a swindler? Ans.—Because he has been taken in.

☞ Who was the brightest ornament of the Episcopal bench in England? Ans.—Jewel.

☞ What town of England describes a time of famine? Ans.—Want-age.

☞ Why is the polka like bitter beer? Ans.—Because there are so many hops in it.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA—English grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety. ANAGRAMS OF GIRL'S NAMES—Margaret, Magdalene, Fannie, Ella, Louisa, Louie, Charlotte, Kate, Rowena, Elizabeth, Etta, Clara. CHARADE—Nightshade. DIOPHANTINE QUESTION—585, 1170, 2340, 4680.

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☞ What is the difference between a tau(gh)tog and an educated pig?